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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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THE CLAIMS OF EPISCOPACY.

We copy below, from Riddle's Church Antiquities, an article written by a decided Episcopalian, and taking, we have no doubt in its Catholic tone, the true ground on the subject, though it will not satisfy the claims of many modern Episcopalians. It is part of an article well worth reading, entitled, "A Plea for Episcopacy, Charity and Peace."

"Did the apostles intend that the power of ordination should be exclusively assigned to a certain class of ministers, who should succeed themselves in the government of the churches,—that is, to bishops! And did they intend that a succession of such ministers should be preserved by a formal and visible derivation of authority from themselves and the first bishops? Or did they expect that ministers would be continually provided by the choice or authority of whole churches, with the concurrence of those who already sustained the office of presbyters or pastors! Did they, in any way, sanction the doctrines commonly connected with the theory of apostolic succession! If an apostolic succession had been designed from the first, it may reasonably be supposed that the apostles would have made some pointed allusion to such a provision for the transmission of the faith and for the peace of the church, especially in the course of their warnings against false doctrines and divisions. But although such warnings are numerous, they contain no intimations of any such bulwark of sound doctrine and centre of Christian unity.—St. Paul, in full prospect of the attempts of false teachers, did not charge the elders of Ephesus to abide by the decisions and doctrines of a bishop, but he desired them to take heed to themselves, and then commended them to God. St. Peter, in the prospect of his death, and with direct allusion to the expected event, when some reference to his "successor," or to the bishop for the time being, would seem to have been almost unavoidable, contents himself, however, with endeavoring to keep up the remembrance of the truth by composing a written document, and by referring his readers to the ancient prophecies and to the immediate teaching of the apostles,—in other words, to the Old and New Testaments. "Moreover, I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance. . . . We have also a (Gr. *the*) more sure word of prophecy." 2 Pet. i. 15. 19. "There were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you. . . This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance; that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of us the apostles of the Lord and Savior." (2 Pet. ii. 1; iii. 1, 2.) Now here is a simple reference to the Bible as the defender of the faith, with complete silence as to the necessity, or safety, of adhering to the opinions or decisions of a bishop in matters of Christian doctrine.

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Whatever may become of apostolic succession as a theory or institute, it is impossible, at all events, to prove the fact of such succession, or to trace it down the stream of time. In this case, the fact seems to involve the doctrine; and if the fact be hopelessly obscure, the doctrine is irrecoverably lost. But can we suppose that the divine author of our religion has suffered any part of his Gospel to perish! It is, of course, possible that a truly apostolic succession may have existed, although the traces of it have entirely disappeared, but must we not allow men to regard such a loss as contributing to render the whole doctrine and institute extremely doubtful! Should we not weaken the good cause of episcopacy by insisting upon pretensions which cannot be established, and which may really be fictitious! It is impossible to prove the personal succession of modern bishops, in an unbroken episcopal line, from the apostles, or men of the apostolic age. As a matter of history and fact, apostolic succession, in this acceptation of the term, is an absolute nonentity. Call it a theory, a fiction, a vision, or whatever you choose, you cannot give it a name too shadowy and unsubstantial. It exists indeed as an honest prejudice in the minds of many sincere Christians, and so far it is entitled to consideration and respect. But in itself it is an empty sound. Doubtless, the custom of setting apart men for the Christian ministry by the laying on of hands has existed in the Church from the apostolic age; having been originally derived from the practice of the Jewish synagogue, under which institution all who were appointed as fixed ministers, to take care of the performance of religious duties, were solemnly appointed to their office in this manner. The hands of the apostles and their contemporaries form, therefore, the first link of a chain which has extended to the present day; and this circumstance is a pleasing subject of contemplation to the minds of many persons, and especially to the members of those churches which have retained the custom. But we must be in possession of many other particulars, which are irrecoverably lost, in order to build upon this fact the doctrine of a succession, derived from the apostles themselves, in the *line* of bishops alone, and for the conveyance of a peculiar grace!

Again:—The various modifications which the Christian ministry has undergone since the days of the apostles and the second century, although they furnish no arguments against episcopacy itself, will yet present serious difficulties if the institution be defended on false grounds, or maintained with too haughty claims.—We learn, for example, from the records of Christian antiquity, that, after the formation of the hierarchy, it was the theory of the church that the bishop was the administrator of the word and sacraments throughout his diocese, while the presbyters were regarded as acting only in the capacity of his substitutes, or by virtue of a commission received from him. Now, this ancient theory was founded upon a still more ancient *fact*. And some persons may be disposed to maintain that, because theory is one thing and fact another, and because the functions of the minister now called a bishop are not identical with the functions of either the apostles or the bishops of the primitive church, we have therefore departed from the original institution, and consequently the church of the present day possesses not only no successors of the apostles, but not even their counterparts or resemblance. An episcopalian may be permitted to say, that the changes which have taken place are not essential,—that they are only such as the church had authority to make, from time to time,—and that, therefore, they furnish no argument against his favorite form of church government. But here, though he may be firm, he must be modest. In the due exercise of moderation, and of a love of truth, peace, and concord, he cannot but allow that the matter may easily appear in a different light to the mind of another man, and that such an one may be more than justified in preferring a church constructed differently from our own. The duties of bishops in the early part of the second century were not confined, either in theory or practice, to the office of ordaining and governing presbyters, and of administering confirmation; but such bishops were the ordinary ministers of divine offices in the congregation. And it is remarkable that St. Paul, in his addresses to Timothy and Titus, lays greater stress upon their qualifications as ministers of the gospel, that is, expounders of God's word and teachers of Christian truth, than upon those which related to their duties of superintendance and government. Besides this, the bishops of the primitive churches were immediately concerned with the administration of discipline; and they were expected to possess a personal acquaintance with all the individual Christians of their diocese, whether ministers or people. The shadow of all this remains to the present day; although it is true that our bishops, as such, are not the fixed ministers of any parish or congregation, and that they do not personally watch over the morals and conduct of laymen. To the mind of an episcopalian, however, the identity of their office with that of earlier bishops may satisfactorily appear. But can we, consistently with Christian charity and love of truth, contest the point very strongly with any man who may say that, in his judgment, our bishops are not bishops according to the primitive pattern! Is not this a point on which, while we may claim the right of retaining our own opinion and practice, we are also bound to concede to any other man the liberty of thinking or acting differently!

Other modifications of the Christian ministry may be discovered upon inspecting the records of antiquity. Thus, the mode of appointing bishops and presbyters to their office has been repeatedly changed. Election by the people, for instance, has been discontinued. This is, indeed, in the estimation of Episcopalians, a great improvement: but still, as they must allow, it is a change. Again, bishops have been lately appointed by secular princes. This also is a system which many persons would strenuously uphold, thanking God that kings and queens have been nursing fathers and mothers to the church. But yet, it was not thus from the beginning. Several offices of the Christian ministry, which were known to the Apostles, have been discontinued. We call those offices extraordinary and temporary, and think that their discontinuance does not affect the doctrine of three orders in Christ's church "from the Apostles' time." But other Christians may be otherwise minded on this subject. They may contend that the office of an evangelist or itinerant missionary, empowered to preach to the heathen, to found and settle churches, and to ordain ministers, was designed to be as perpetual as that of a bishop, or, at least, to be attached to the church as long as there should remain any portions of the world unconverted to the faith of Christ. And this bears upon the doctrine of Episcopacy, because it is closely connected with another more general doctrine, namely, that of the three orders. And for the same reason the following considerations may be brought into the account. The office of deacon has suffered great modifications since the primitive times. The *functions* of deacons are not exactly the same as they were at first; and long was the tradition retained that, according to the apostolic institution, the *number* of these ministers was necessarily limited to seven in so large a church as that of Rome. Deaconesses, again, were recognised by the Apostles among the regular ministers of the church; but in our Episcopal communion they are not found. The Church of England may reasonably claim permission to differ in this respect from the apostolic church (for instance) of Cenchrea. She may demand in this particular, as well as in many others, to be left unmolested in the exercise of her own judgment, and to be suffered to dwell at peace in the midst of her own harmonious institutions, rejoicing in having wisely copied some parts of the primitive and apostolic model, and in having as wisely neglected others. But then, at the same time, she cannot, consistently with a love of truth and peace, censure or despise any other Christian churches which may have been constituted upon principles different from her own.

Such modifications as those which have taken place in the constitution of the church demand, or rather pre-suppose, a considerable liberty of sentiment and latitude of practice. We have departed, to a certain extent, from the primitive model, without essentially deviating from the rules and example of our Lord and his Apostles. Let this be granted. But, then, what follows? Certainly, that if any church should depart from our own model, and recur to that of the primitive times in every respect, such a society would be at least as apostolic as our own:—and even that if any society should make other variations in a different direction, but yet no greater than our own, that society also would be equally apostolic, so far as may relate to its polity. It has been often thought that our dioceses are much too large; and Bingham very truly remarks that, in case of a considerable reduction of the dioceses all over England, such an arrangement would be only "a change from one primitive model to another." In like manner, if a church should resolve to acknowledge no archbishops but such as should succeed each other from among the dioceses according to seniority, this would be only a recurrence to a model which existed at an early period in Africa. If another church should resolve that its presbyters should succeed to the office of bishop according to the same rule, such an institution, although in our opinion extremely inconvenient, would perhaps be a correct imitation of primitive practice, and could not be censured as a greater or more essential change than many which have occurred. Or even, as an instance of more decided variation, if a church should resolve to be governed by bishops holding office only for a term of years, could we be justified, after all our own modifications of the Episcopal office, in charging such a church with having made an unwarrantable innovation? Would not that church be able to contend that its modifications, although different from our own, were yet no greater or more fatal!

BOSTON PRISON DISCIPLINE SOCIETY.

Our readers may remember the discussion which took place at the last Annual Meeting of this Society in relation, especially to the representations, which had been made by its Secretary, Mr. Louis Dwight, of the Pennsylvania system of Prison Discipline. Some doubts which were expressed by other members of the Society of the accuracy of those statements, as well as objections to the spirit in which they seemed to have been made, led to the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the subject. Of that Committee, consisting of seven gentlemen of this city, the Chairman of which is Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a minority have published a Report, which contains a body of important facts and of views, well entitled, as we conceive, to attention. We recommend the perusal of the Report itself to all who fell an interest in this important subject: and, in the mean time, we quote a few extracts from that part of it in which an answer is given to the question—

"Which system can best adapt itself to the prisoner's peculiar character, in its appeals to his moral and religious nature?"

The author of this Report (Dr. Howe) having remarked, that "the good to be obtained by grown men from attendance on any public worship *depends very much upon its being voluntary*; compulsion being always disagreeable, even when it forces us to do the very thing we might have liked to do if left free," proceeds,

"We confess, therefore, that we much prefer the mode of public worship adopted in the Separate-system prisons to that which is *enforced* under the Congregate system, where the men are brought out of their cells by word of command, and marched in military order to the chapel, whether they wish to go or not. In the former, the preacher begins his address at one end of the corridor, and the prisoners are at liberty to approach the doors of their cells and listen to what he says, or to keep away and occupy themselves with reading. It is at their option to join the worship or not; they exercise in this the power of self-control; and it is most delightful to find that they almost always do hearken very attentively, and that, when the hymn of praise is sounded from one end, the air is taken up throughout the corridor, and out of almost every cell there issues a strain of *voluntary music*, from the softened heart of an unseen chorister.

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Far be it from us to deny the good effects of public worship as it is practised in the Congregate prisons, for we have sometimes witnessed in their chapels an earnestness of attention, and a devotional appearance, that would befit the most pious congregation. We know also, that, when the preacher once creates a glow of feeling in his hearers, the effect is increased by secret action of sympathy among them; and that piety, like panic, may be heightened by a crowd. But it is only the gifted preachers who can carry away such an audience by their earnest eloquence, and they only for a few moments. Such excitements are unfrequent and short-lived; and be it not forgotten, that all the rest of the time this very activity of the social nature, this very sympathy among the hearers, operates, *with a great many, directly against* any feeling of penitence. Many an address, which would go home to the conscience and the heart of a solitary man, convincing him of the peculiar enormity of his sin, and melting him to penitence, will fall unheeded on his ears when he looks around and sees the whole audience made up of criminals, each of whom he supposes to be more guilty than himself, because he does not make for their crimes the same excuse as for his own.

Who can doubt that the vivid descriptions of the horrors of hell, which usually produce so little impression upon a crowded church, would carry terror and despair to each individual, if the enormity of his past guilt were not lessened in his eye by consciousness of community in sin with those about him, and his dread of the future diminished by the thought of their society in his place of punishment! Would he not more surely repent of the past, and more carefully avoid the future, if he felt that he was cut off in this life from all sight, and hearing, and knowledge of his fellow-sinners, and that in the next his hell would be one of solitary confinement!"

THANKSGIVING IN PRISON.

VISIT OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY AT SING SING.

By solicitation of the Chaplain and Keepers of the Mount Pleasant State Prison, the HUTCHINSON FAMILY spent the last Thanksgiving Day at that institution. They were prompted to comply with the invitation thus extended to them by the conviction that, in no other way could they so appropriately manifest their thankfulness for God's favors as by making their peculiar gifts subservient to the moral reformation of those whose relations to Society excluded them on that day from the sacred pleasures of a social reunion with relatives and friends around the domestic hearth. Neither those who gave nor those who accepted the invitation were influenced by a blind and morbid sympathy for the criminal, but by that enlightened and robust charity which would lift the fallen soul from its degradation, inspire the most debased with a true self-respect and win him by kindness and love from the paths of sin and shame to those of virtue and honor. It was not to afford a transient gratification of the senses, but for the higher and nobler purpose of awakening the soul to a sense of its immortality, quickening the conscience in the performance of its legitimate functions, and thus promoting the personal reformation of the prisoners that these gifted minstrels were induced, at no small sacrifice of personal convenience, to pay this visit.

A friend who was present on the occasion assures us that the scene was one of sublime interest, and we were about to reduce his verbal description to writing, when the following letter from the Matron of the Female Prison was put into our hands. It will be read with deep interest:

Letter from Mrs. Farnham.

FEMALE PRISON, Sing-Sing, Dec. 1st, 1846.

I think our last visit from the HUTCHINSONS was more delightful than any they have yet paid us. I do not know that their music was better, for that seems scarcely possible; but everybody seemed prepared to appreciate not only the sweet sounds but the spirit in which they were made. The occasion, too, admitted of a wider range in the choice of pieces than they have been able to make heretofore, their previous visits having been made on the Sabbath.

In the Male Prison they sang several admirable pieces, among which were "The Seasons," "My Mother's Bible," and "There's a Good Time Coming Boys." How pleasantly the tone of cheerful promise pervading the latter lighted some of those gloomy hearts! You saw that it was sunshine to them.

The following effective and touching piece, written for the occasion to the music of the "Pauper's Burial," was also sung:

LAMENT OF THE PRISONER.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

I.

The Convict, immured in the prison's cold cell,
Away from the friends who have loved him so well,
In silence sits musing on scenes of the past,
His heart full of grief, his tears falling fast:
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

II.

O sad was the hour when he turned from the way,
And yielded his heart to the Tempter a prey!
The waves of despair, how wildly they roll,
As the darkness of night settles down on his soul!
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

III.

O sin is a bitter and poisonous thing—
It pierceth the soul with its dart and its sting,
And nought but Repentance can wipe out the stain,
And the Convict restore to God's favor again:
How piercing his groans! how plaintive his moans—
"I'm only a Prisoner, whom nobody owns."

IV.

But hark to the truth which the Gospel proclaims
To him that is bound in sin's galling chains:
"Thou need'st not despair, for a Savior hath died,
And bids thee, repentant, come stand at his side:
He heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns."

V.

O come at the call! heed the message of love
Which the Spirit of God brings down from above!
O turn from thy sins, cast thy follies away,
And open thy heart to the Gospel's bright ray:
God heareth thy groans! He pities thy moans!
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

VI.

Treat kindly the Prisoner, ye followers of Him
Whose grace hath restrained you from outbreaking sin:
O visit in mercy his dreary abode,
And point out before him the heavenly road:
O list to his groans—his pitiful moans—
The Prisoner is one whom his Maker yet owns.

The exercises in the Male Prison closed with the glorious "Millennium." To appreciate the effect of such a visit one must be here and listen to the expressions of gratitude and catch something of the heartfelt pleasure which the presence and singing of these minstrels inspire in our unhappy community.

In the Female Prison the exercises were varied by the singing of some sacred pieces and the very appropriate and beautiful song, "Never give Up."

Our little community caught the electric spark of these lines and the chorus has since been frequently quoted by those who have long felt the need of something to kindle and encourage hope. In the evening our prisoners had one of their little social meetings in the Hall, and then the singers went among them informally and sang some of their sweetest songs. This was the most delightful feature of the whole visit. They sang their warm, heart-stirring pieces, and it seemed as if they were addressed directly to the Convicts and were so felt by them.

Only those who know the prisoner's heart can understand the effect of such a visit—the hopefulness, the courage, the effort at self-redemption that will grow out of it! The touching memories that are awakened by it linger in the soul like a gleam of its early sunlight and many an aspiration to be once again pure and good and happy starts into being under the sweet concord that flows from the hearts as well as the lips of this happy and excellent Family.

May their shadows never be less!

Yours, E. W. FARNHAM.

One of the prisoners doubtless expressed the feeling of all when he said, "If we had been devils, and Abby had come alone among us, she would have made us wish to become angels."—The power of music as a reforming influence is but little understood. Experience will yet show that it is far more potent for good than most of the agencies that have hitherto been relied upon for the elevation of the fallen and the degraded.

[Tribune.

DEATH BED OF ADDISON.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and, perhaps, of loose opinions.—Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavored to reclaim him; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried. When he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, *I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.* [Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison.

On entering Oxford, from London, one of the stateliest and most satisfactory architectural objects that meet the eye is Magdalen tower; and, notwithstanding there are many other beautiful and some magnificent designs of the same class in that famous city, appertaining to the university, still the eye reverts with pleasure, and lingers with delight on that more perfect, most finished, and proud thing of Magdalen, which always seems just as it should be. There are many shaded promenades and enchanting gardens at Oxford: but there is one in connection with Magdalen, winding along a pearly stream, overhung with sweet shades, not so beautiful in itself as it is inviting, by reason of its consecrated name—it is "Addison's Walk." Magdalen tower is good to behold and to think of; Magdalen chapel, especially, as recently renovated, and with its unrivalled painting of Christ bearing his cross, is not to be forgotten by those who have been admitted there: but "Addison's Walk," unpicturesque though it may be, compared with others, is yet hallowed by a name; and, in remembrance of the foot-prints which he himself was once accustomed to leave behind him, as he strolled along, with book in hand, or meditating his classic strains, Magdalen college may well be proud of the name of Addison.

What made Addison distinguished in life, we do not propose to dwell upon. He was great, but not the greatest. To believe that goodness was allied to his greatness, is far more delightful as a subject of contemplation: to be permitted to cherish the impression, that his virtue was that of a Christian, exalts him still higher, and crowns him with the only unfading glory. We are not uninterested in his story; as the son of a clergyman, we choose to believe that he was the child of prayer. He was, indeed, an ambitious youth—an aspiring man; he attained eminence—eminence in letters and in state; he contracted a high matrimonial connection, which, it is supposed, was not to him most comfortable; it was, perhaps, a thorn and a school for patience and resignation; his thoughts were evidently much on the world; but the anecdote at the head of these remarks, and the scene of his death bed would seem to intimate, that in the pursuit of letters, and in the cares of state, he found time to think of Heaven. As he approached the period of his dissolution, he could not only contemplate the impending change with composure and firmness, but he seems to have been actuated by the genuine spirit of Christian benevolence—a desire to do good even in death—to point others to Heaven—himself leading the way. He summoned to his bed-side a noble profligate, for whose soul he still cared and cherished hope; and in the solemnity of the circumstances, in the tenderness of the moment, appealed to a heart which was too obdurate to be moved by other demonstrations of a similar affection, and said, "Look! mark you, who would not believe me before, believe me now.—A dying man is an honest man; at least you will allow me to be so. I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die."

The death scene of Paul, or that which might be taken as such, was indeed a sublime vision:—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." But Paul was a different character; his career was different; his office sacred; his pen and soul divinely inspired. He stood on higher ground than ordinary men. His faith was vision—his vision Heaven.

Addison was a man like ourselves. He had imbibed the faith which Paul preached; he had professed it; he had labored to bring this young Lord Warwick under its influence to eradicate from his mind the seeds of infidelity—and to imbue him with the doctrine of Christ. Those efforts, in the ordinary relations of life, had failed. He now proposes to address him from a different position.

What and whence is that influence which makes us respect the dying man's word? Though it be a beggar, breathing his last in a ditch, he whispers in our ear as we approach him, and communicates a secret that lay on his conscience, or sends a message to a fellow being, that might have reason to regard it; and then he is gone.—If we are convinced of sanity of mind; and right feeling in such a case, we feel the responsibility of the trust—and make haste to execute our charge with conscientious exactness. We fall upon a stranger in the way, who has been overtaken by some sudden and fatal calamity, and has only time and breath to tell us who he is, and to express a wish—and he expires. Could we disregard that wish? A near and dear friend—it may be a parent or a child—a brother or a sister—a wife or husband—lies before us on a dying bed. He reaches his hand for ours, and casts his eyes upon us; we understand that he is going to give us his last word. We approach and yield the pledge; and with it we give up our whole souls; we are not our own—all that he says we hear; not a word do we ever forget.

There is a mysterious, divinely constituted power, connecting this world and the future.—We believe, we feel, that, though divided now, we shall meet again. We say adieu—farewell—but not as those who have no hope. It is parting for a season.

It is this mysterious society—this connection of the present with the future—of time with eternity—this religious and awful, yet properly cherished, consolatory sentiment, which gives weight and character, and overwhelming power to a last interview, to the dying words of a friend. We feel that God is witness—that Heaven is witness—we imagine that hovering angels, as our consciences, are witnesses of the scene. There is no escaping from its influence; it abides with us forever; it accompanies us to our own death scene; it goes with us into that eternity, and into that society, of which these impressions are the forebodings and the earnests.

Besides the affection we feel for those who are dear to us, and the anguish of a parting hour, we are filled with a respect—with an awe for that future, into which the spirit of our friend is just ready to launch, and whither we expect to follow, to return no more; and we are pervaded by a secret, undefinable, influential impression—I may add, by an indelible conviction, which the hand of God seems to have incorporated with our being—that the council given by a dying friend, is council uttered on the margin, and in the light of the two worlds, chastened and corrected by a consideration of the past, and duly charged with solemnity by the aspects of the future. It falls upon our ear in tones and with an authority like a revelation from Heaven—it seems the voice of God.

Such, we may imagine, was the council of the dying Addison to the young Lord Warwick, "when," standing by his bedside, "he (Warwick) desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunction, Addison told him, *I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.*" [Rev. Calvin Colton.

A DEVOTED MINISTRY.

I would not censure our ministry or call it degenerate and inefficient; for it embraces worthy and faithful men, who have done an important service to the cause of truth, by promoting a sound and rational exposition of Scripture, and encouraging correct, moral conduct. Our ministry has been violently engaged in a theological discussion, and it was necessary; but that doctrinal movement should be followed by another and higher effort—by one of a religious character.

The *understanding*, to a degree, has been enlightened, but the *heart* beats with an uncertain and feeble power.

To arouse the *religious nature*, to persuade to a *devout* and *prayerful* life,—this is the demand upon the present condition of our denomination.

And in this work of *regeneration*, of cultivating the *religious affections*, throughout our number, who will be the guides, who will inspire the people onwards, but those in the sacred ministry?

The task is surrounded with trials and difficulties, but it can be done, God lending His assistance.

Has "the crown of thorns" lost its *sacredness* or its *saving power*, and shall any servant of Christ be ashamed of it, or shall any love his ease too well to put it on?

When I read of the devout and pure-minded Fenelon or of the devoted and earnest Oberlin, of the self-sacrifice of Henry Martyn, or of Dr. Ware, Jr., in whose character shone so sweetly the Christian graces, my heart burns within me to look around and see whole companies of such devoted souls in our order, going forth to the contest, armed with no carnal weapons but with the Spirit and Power of God, and willingly "wearing the crown of thorns."

Can souls be saved from sin, and its gloomy sorrows, and is it true that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God!

Are these things so and will not every one who enters the sacred desk feel that he is a chosen and sealed messenger of God, to whom he is responsible; will he not, almost with trembling, remember that he is to speak to immortal souls, that he is their shepherd, that he is to warn the sinful, awaken the indifferent, encourage the doubting, console the afflicted, assure the penitent and encourage all in the true worship of God?

Will he not have an abiding love for the souls of his flock, and make every hearty desire, every word and action, show his love and render him eloquent in his labors?

Will he not strive in his preaching, not to make his congregation, when leaving the house of worship, say,—what a finely written discourse, what an eloquent delivery, but that every one may silently and seriously say, He preached to *me*—for *my soul*; and how shall I become a more religious, a more prayerful person, how shall I become acquainted with Christ and walk daily with God!

Such labors, I believe, would be crowned with abundant success, not only in winning numbers to our faith, but also in leading them into the true fold, into a serene and earnest life, higher than the worldly man knows or can conceive.

Universalist preaching has been frequent for a full quarter of a century, a generation has arisen under its influence, but how many of that youthful company are members of churches, professed Christians, living in the practice of daily devotions! The young men and women of our congregations, why do they have so little regard for religion!

The holy and spiritual joy of the upper world, we think will, in part, consist, in knowing and worshipping God, in communing with Christ and redeemed spirits. And yet is it possible that such knowledge, such communion, are all uncared for and rejected in this life, when the Bible is full of assurances, that those who desire, may "walk with God," may live with Christ and the Father here, and that God's Providence is beautifully all around to bless and save!

Assured of so much, capable of so much, shall mere morality, which concerns our relations to man only, shall this satisfy the minister of Christ!

Ministers of the Gospel! as you have entered the holy orders, as you love Christ, as you love the souls of men, arise to renewed diligence, inasmuch as you know your labor in the Lord is not in vain.

Think not how much *has been done*, but how much *is to be done*, and that will be done by increased prayerfulness, and earnest action, and by the prevailing assistance and company of God.

May we all be faithful laborers in the vineyard. TIMOTHY.

[Gospel Banner.

ARE BOOKSELLER'S RESPONSIBLE.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is the language of defiance, alike of the common rumseller, the counterfeiter and the vender of injurious books. They all know they are doing injury, and offending Heaven; but say they, "our business is to make money."

The *Messrs Harper & Brothers*, of New York, are now publishing a new edition of Eugene Sue's pestiferous works. Though already worth, as it is stated, half a million of dollars, acquired, to a great extent, by pandering to a corrupt taste in the community, which they themselves have contributed to create, they seem to see nothing inconsistent in thus flooding the land with "*what will sell well*," even down to "*The Mysteries of Paris!*"—thinking, perhaps, to hush the indignation of the virtuous and the displeasure of Heaven, by sending out at the same time Bibles and other religious and valuable works!

But to the reflecting mind, it is deeply painful to see men of regular standing among the honored disciples of the self-denying Wesley, thus insidiously mingling pollution with the mental food of youth, and poisoning the moral atmosphere of the nation.

In view of such demoralizing influences, the respectable press, secular as well as religious, are beginning loudly to remonstrate. The National Intelligencer, the American Review, the Philadelphia Recorder, the Methodist Quarterly Review, the North American, and other dignified Periodicals, are speaking boldly on this subject, and public sentiment is manifestly becoming alarmed at its own deep delusion.

The Evening Post, in recently noticing the publication of the Harpers of a new novel of Eugene Sue, says:

"We would ask you at the outset, whether or not you consider yourselves responsible at all, for the character of the works you publish and circulate! Do you apprehend that any guilt attaches to you, for the publication of an immoral work—or, do you find yourselves absolved from any consideration of the moral tendency of a book, only looking at it in the narrow light of a mercantile speculation, and agitating no other question as to its contents, but whether they are such as will make it sell? We ask you now, in the presence of many thousands of your countrymen, how you can justify your conduct in lending such a work as "Martin, or the Foundling" the endorsement of your name!

We have not read the whole of that work, but we have read the third number, the only one we have received, and we make no scruples to say that it alone contains licentiousness enough to prevent any thoughtful and considerate parent from introducing the book that contains it into his family."

While the note of remonstrance is thus reiterated, it may be well for all booksellers, and especially parents, to examine their libraries and stock in trade, and if need be follow the truly consistent example of the noble Ephesian converts, who at once burned their injurious books, to the value of "*fifty thousand pieces of silver.*" O, what was this, to the ruin of one immortal mind, such books might occasion! [N. E. Puritan.

A SAMPLE RUMSELLER.

A Clergyman of this village related the following anecdote last Sabbath, which several of his hearers afterwards fully confirmed:—A lady, the wife of a poor inebriate, the mother of several half starved children, went to a grocery to sell some rags, that she might obtain the means of giving her children something to eat. The grocer weighed them out, and found they came to one shilling; then, turning to his slate, and finding a charge of ninepence for three glasses of rum against the husband, deducted it and paid her the remainder, three cents. She besought him to think of her half-starved children, but she plead in vain. Talk about moral suasion with such men! They would take the coins from the eyes of a corpse, if there were three of them, to pay for the last glass which sent the victim to his early grave. [Stillwater Gazette.

REASONABLENESS OF FAITH.

Even in worldly matters you will venture upon the greatest cost and pains for the things that you see not and never saw. The merchant will sail a thousand miles for a commodity that he never saw. Must the husbandman see his harvest before he plough his land and sow his seed! Must the sick man feel that he has health before he use the means to get it? Must the soldier see that he hath the victory before he fights! Hath God made man for any end! No reason can expect that he should see his end before he begin to travel towards it. When children first go to school, they do not see or enjoy the wisdom and learning which by time and labor they must attain. To look that sight, which is fruition, should go before a holy life, is to expect the end before we will use the necessary means; shall no man be restrained from felony or murder, but he that sees the assizes or the gallows! It is enough that he foresees them, as made known by the laws.

Till the light appear to your darkened souls, you cannot see the reasons of a holy, heavenly life; and therefore you think it pride, hypocrisy, fancy or imagination, or the foolishness of crack-brained, self-conceited men. If you saw a man do reverence to a prince, and the prince himself were invisible to you, would you not take him for a madman, and say that he cringed to the chairs, or bowed to a post, or complimented his shadow! If you saw a man's actions in eating and drinking, and saw not the meat and drink, would you not think him mad! If you heard men laugh, and hear not so much as the voice of him that gives the jest, would you not imagine them to be brain-sick! If you see men dance, and hear not the music; if you see a laborer threshing, or reaping or mowing, and see no corn or grass before him; if you see a soldier fighting for his life, and see no enemy that he spends his strokes upon, will you not take all these for men distracted! Why, this is the case between you and the true believer.

Do you fetch your joys from earth or heaven! From things unseen or seen! Things future or present! Things hoped for or things possessed! What garden yieldeth you your sweetest flowers! Whence is the food that your hopes and comforts live upon! Whence are the cordials that revive you, when a frowning world doth cast you into a swoon! Where is it that you repose your soul for rest, when sin or sufferings have made you weary! Deal truly, is it in heaven or earth! Which world do you take for your pilgrimage, and which for your home! I do not ask where you are, but where you dwell! Not where are your persons, but where are your hearts! In a word, are you in good earnest when you say you believe in a heaven and hell! And do you speak, and think, and pray and live as those that do indeed believe these things! Do you spend your time, and choose your condition of life, and dispose of your affairs, as a man that is serious in his belief! Speak out: do you live the life of faith on things unseen, or the life of sense on the things you behold! Deal truly, for your endless joy or sorrow doth much depend upon it. The life of faith is the certain passage to the life of glory; the life of sense on things here seen is the certain way to endless misery.

Can you forget that death is ready to undress you, and tell you that your sport and mirth are done; and that now you have had all the world can do for them that secure it and take it for their portion! How quickly can a fever, or one of a hundred messengers of death, bereave you of all that earth afforded you, and turn your sweetest pleasures into gall, and turn a lord into a lump of clay! It is but as a wink, an inch of time, till you must quit the stage, and speak and breathe, and see the face of man no more. If you foresee this, O live as one that does foresee it. [Baxter.

YANKEE DOODLE.

By the last number (the eighth,) we are constrained (and that with pleasure) to acknowledge that "Yankee" grows more human, and by consequence more witty. This number contains half-a-dozen pieces wholly on the side of humanity, and some very sly pokes at the weak points of that respectable old hypocrite, called civilized society. Take for instance the following portrait of "The Semstress;" we regret that we cannot also give the wood-cut, which occupies the middle of the page, surrounded by these comments as by a square picture frame; it is an admirable stroke of art in its way, and bespeaks at a glance the tragedy of woman in Society,—her essential dignity and claim to love and reverence contrasted with the dismal drudgery and worse than loneliness to which society has doomed her. [Harbinger.

LIVE PORTRAITS.

THE SEMSTRESS.

Ten thousand women in New York exist—somehow—on what they earn with the needle. We have a bundle of the most desperate statistics, showing how shirts are made for six cents apiece, and trowsers for ten; and how very swift hands, who work incessantly from daylight midnight, can sometimes actually earn a quarter of a dollar per day. But it is not important to go into details—our principal object in collecting these statistics being to ascertain if the human drudge, whether male or female, can work as many hours, subsist on as little, and be as respectful to superiors, in this country as in the Old World; for Yankee Doodle has a great fancy for a real, first-chop aristocracy here, who shall ride about in tall carriages with blue flunkies, and do nothing but tumble over silks at Stewart's and go to the opera all their blessed lives. Therefore, as the foundation of such a glorious institution—the underground wall, as it were, upon which his superstructure must be erected—he must see that the working classes are all of the right temper and capacity. It would be excessively vulgar and disagreeable if, after the thing were nicely finished, the sleepers upon which it rested should awake and upset the whole concern into the mud-puddle of democracy.

Thus far, then, our observations have been on the whole tolerably satisfactory. We find that of the women who support themselves by the needle, there are several thousand who, when they can get work at all, earn from ten to twenty-five cents a day—which, considering the chances of sickness, the necessity for education and amusement, (for Yankee Doodle is a true humanitarian, and insists stoutly upon establishing the happiness of a refined and enlightened people,) is not perhaps very far from what is desirable. Of this number there will always be a handsome proportion who, to escape starvation and despair; perhaps to save fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, from death—will become—but Yankee Doodle shudders to trace them farther. So that, all things considered, the affairs of the young and rising Yankee Doodle Aristocracy are in a very promising train.

In regard to the manners of this working class, the ridiculous political privileges which our silly forefathers secured to even the poorest people have had a very injurious effect upon the men. But the women, shut out as they are from the sympathy of their own sex and the protection of ours, are in general of quite a becoming degree of subserviency. So long as they remain virtuous they are scarcely ever seen in the streets, save when hurrying to or from their employers' shops with their bundle of work, their hearts beating fearfully with the anticipation of their poor pittance, or the apprehension that they may be a moment too late. They are always dressed very poorly on these occasions—seeming to feel how improper it would be to be mistaken for ladies; and we have observed with approbation that they are careful about not incommoding carriages at the crossings nor passengers on the walks. The only thing objectionable about their appearance is the extreme haggardness of their faces, and a kind of wildness in the eyes which is really sometimes quite distressing. To such an extent are these blemishes carried, in some instances, that we have wondered why these haggard and wild-eyed creatures in their grey and scanty drapery, were not arrested by some "indefatigable officer Smith, of the Third Ward Police," as fugitives from the Asylum for Lunatic Paupers. Says our grave and matter-of-fact statistician:

"A large majority of these women are American born, from the great Middle Class of life, many of whom have once been in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and have been reduced by the death or bankruptcy of husbands and relatives, and other causes to such straits. Many of them are the wives of ship-masters and other officers of vessels. Others are the widows of mechanics and poor men, and have children, aged mothers and fathers, &c., to support by their needle. Many have drunken husbands to add to their burdens and afflictions, and to darken every faint gleam of sunshine that domestic affection throws into the humblest abode. Others have sick and bed-ridden husbands or children, or perhaps have to endure the agony of receiving home a fallen daughter or an outlawed son, suddenly checked in his career of vice.

"The manner in which these women live—the squalidness and unhealthy location and nature of their habitations—the inadequ

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 26, 1846.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

This is the last opportunity that we shall have of speaking to our readers during the year 1846. We part with it as with a friend, thankful for what it has brought, and thankful also, we should be, for what it has taken away. Its precious moments, one by one, have been held out to us just long enough to be lightened of their treasures, and then they have been withdrawn. Happy they, with whom these golden moments have been permitted to leave all the treasures of knowledge and affection, which they have offered. Of the future we may not speak now. Rather let us meditate a while upon the past, long enough to gather up, not the scattered leaves that are lost, but the wisdom to save all that may be offered to us in time to come. And having done this much, let us spend no time in unavailing regrets, but leave the dead to bury their dead, while we follow the living, and do the work which he appoints.

We will close our Homily with a short extract from Cowper, whose serious poetry is as sweet as it is pure.

Could I from heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die,
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to pause would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun would rise no more.

Ah! self-deceived! could I prophetic say
Who next is fated and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play,
But naming none, the voice now speaks to *all*.

We had written for this place a long editorial suggested by Mr. Fosdick's Thanksgiving Sermon, when, meeting with the following in the Daily Advertiser, we knew that it would be much more acceptable and instructive to our readers than anything that we could say. We have therefore put aside, for the present, our own article to make room for this. Dr. Gannett's next lecture will be given next Sunday evening.

LECTURES ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The Rev. Dr. GANNETT commenced a course of lectures on the Bible, at the Federal street Church, on Sunday evening last. The introductory lecture was delivered to an audience which occupied every seat in the church, besides several extra settees. The preacher was an hour and a quarter in pronouncing it.

The following sketch of the discourse is prepared entirely from memory, the writer having no notes whatever. Of course much is omitted, and something may have been misapprehended. If so, it is hoped that the error is not of material importance.

If one, said the Rev. lecturer, were afforded access to all the habitations in our city, and were he to pass through them all, he would find in all, or nearly all, a copy of one and the same book. In the mansion of the rich it might appear in golden binding, while in the chamber of the poor it might be clothed in the meanest attire. But in every case it would still be the same. Were such an individual to extend his investigation till it embraced our whole land, he would discover that volume in almost every dwelling from the sea shore to the remotest interior, from the northern boundary to the extreme confine at the south. And further yet, going across the Atlantic, in our mother country and throughout all civilized Europe, he would see that book diffused almost universally wherever he might penetrate. Inquiring into the character and value of a volume in such general request, he would find it spoken of with respect by nearly all; with reverence by many; and he would be told by some that they counted it the most precious of all their possessions, regarding it their guide in life, their consoler in affliction, and their pillow when on the bed of death.

What was this book? The Bible—*the* book. As though it alone were worthy of the name, and all other books sank into insignificance in comparison. Again it was called the Scriptures—*the* writings—as though none other were to be named with it. It bore upon its cover the words Holy Bible, in general testimony and acknowledgment of its sacred character, and its title to reception as man's instructor in regard to sacred things. Its claim to be so received, and its immense diffusion, of themselves entitled it to the consideration and examination of all—an examination to be made in a respectful, if not a reverent spirit.

There were four classes of men by whom the Bible was regarded in different points of view, First, those who considered it with a veneration, —if not superstitious, yet blind and indiscriminate; who regarded the book itself—the matter contained between its covers—with a feeling it might almost be said of idolatry; who came very near looking upon every line traced across the material page as the immediate work of God's own finger; and who shrunk with abhorrence, as if from profanation, at any suggestion of a doubt as to the entire and literal accuracy of every word in the received version. The second class comprised those who were the precise reverse of these; who looked upon the Bible with scorn instead of veneration; who read it only to carp and cavil at it; who sought diligently for inconsistencies and discrepancies between its different parts, and gloated over a fancied discovery of such a thing with a perfect delight. The third—and, he feared, by far the most numerous class in all Christian communities—were they who felt for the Bible neither scorn nor veneration, but the most complete indifference. They neither cared for, nor troubled themselves about its doctrines, inculcations, promises or commands; and though, in compliance with the general habit of those among whom they lived, they might buy the volume—it rested idly on their shelves and to them its contents were as completely a sealed book as though they were printed in an unknown and extinct language. There remained the fourth class, in which all should seek to be found. These were they who looked upon the Scriptures as the record of God's doings, the teacher of his will, and the guide of man in regard to his duties upon earth and his relation to spiritual matters; who sought to make them the rule of their life and conversation; and who, in order effectually so to do, were diligent inquirers after the true interpretation of their teachings.

Examination of the sacred writings was obviously necessary for the attainment of this knowledge. And as in private investigation, where a man should search into the authority and doctrine of the Bible in the midst of his own library, there were two methods that might be pursued—the one that of the general and practical inquirer who perused the sacred pages for the sake of ascertaining and applying the great, general, admitted, and vitally important principles and truths which they contain, even as one would gaze upwards to the firmament deriving light and guidance from the brilliant orbs which sparkle on high, without attempting to designate the particular celestial bodies that compose the glorious whole—the other that of the critical investigator who sought the precise signification of every passage and every word, like the astronomer who directed his telescope to each individual star, and assigned the names and magnitudes, and mutual relations of all the worlds which roll in the illimitable depths of space—as these two methods obtained in private, just so they did in public examination. But clearly the latter mode was impracticable in a series of lectures like the present, public discourses to general assemblies, where neither time nor opportunity was afforded for that nice investigation and laborious discrimination which might be pursued by the critic in his closet. Neither, in such lectures, was it important to the object in view, to follow such a course, and he should therefore invite the attention of his hearers to a general consideration of the Scriptures, in several practical points of view.

Looking then at the Bible, it was perceived that it was not a whole—not the complete work of any one writer. Two principal divisions were first obvious—the separation into the Old Testament and the New Testament. The first contained the history of God's doings, at first with individuals, then with families, and afterwards with the Hebrew nation. The second contained the history of our Savior's mission to mankind, with the doings and writings of his immediate followers. Again the Holy writings were divided into books, the productions of various individuals, and then, in the modern versions, into chapters and verses. These two last were of very moderate date in comparison, made often in violation of sense and connection, convenient for the sake of reference, but often harmful to a proper understanding of the text. The division into chapters was the work of a Cardinal in the 12th century, that into verses, of Stevens, the editor of an early English translation. But as they were merely arbitrary, and sometimes injurious, it behooved every one who could have access to copies wherein such distinctions were only marked in the margin for the sake of reference, to make use of such copies in preference to the common versions.

The books of the Old Testament were 39 in number; those of the New Testament 27. The subjects treated of were various, and the writings might be classed as historical, prophetical, lyrical, didactical, and amatory in the Old Testament; historical and didactical in the New, besides the book of Revelations, which stood by itself. Various examples of these several styles would at once suggest themselves to every mind.

Again, the Scriptures were not the work of any man, nor were they written at any one time. The first book of the Pentateuch, ascribed to Moses—to say nothing of the book of Job which probably was more ancient still—was of a date about 1500 years before Christ; while that of Malachi, the last of the Old Testament, except, perhaps, some of the Apocrypha not included in the Protestant versions, was written about 400 years B C. The earliest Gospel was written about A. D. 50; and Revelations, the last of the New Testament, about A.D. 90. So that including the 400 years between the two Testaments, in which we have nothing, the Scriptures occupied about sixteen centuries in being written.

It was obvious, too, that the Bible, as we possess it was a translation. And the question arose whether it was a correct translation from the original or not. Generally, the common English version was sufficiently correct, but it was well ascertained from authentic manuscripts of high antiquity, brought to light by more recent scholars than the Oxford translators, that it was but imperfectly so. Several reasons might be assigned for this, such as the impossibility of procuring the original works themselves, the fact that they were written without punctuation and without capitals—in which they were followed by all the manuscripts in the dead languages to which access could be had—which was the source of error, and the spirit of dependence and political subserviency from which man is never wholly exempt, which led the Oxford divines to render passages of doubtful meaning—and perhaps some of whose meaning they ought not to have doubted—in a way most consonant to their prejudices. That they were thus influenced by political considerations and motives of worldly policy was too abundantly apparent from the fulsome preface to the Oxford work which should never have been permitted to disgrace and pollute a volume containing the Holy Scriptures. A single sentence from the dedication to King James would suffice to show this. In that shameful production they style the King "that sanctified Person, who, under God, is the immediate Author of their true happiness." The men who could thus address James, the pedant, bigot and tyrant, were not likely to offend by a too stubborn adherence to what might have been unpalatable to their ruler.

And here the Rev. Dr. spoke in terms of strong reprobation of that dogma to which many still blindly adhered, that a desire to correct imperfections in the translation of the Bible was a profanation of Holy Writ and an offence against Jehovah. It was an abominable slander—an atrocious, wicked calumny. So far from being a crime, it was the imperative duty of every man who thought he had reason to suspect error in the translation, to take every means in his power to ascertain and rectify it. The offence lay in neglecting this duty, not in its performance.

But as the Bible was a translation, the inquiry arose, after settling the general correctness of the version, as to the authenticity of the originals from which it was made, and the validity of their claim to be considered the word of God, and the record of his dealings with mankind. And as to this there was no room for doubt or for cavil. With respect to the Gospels, the historical books, and most of the Epistles in the New Testament, the evidence of their genuineness was overwhelming—a thousand fold more direct and irrefragable than could be adduced to the scholar in favor of the authenticity of his remnants of the writings of any profane author of equal, or even much inferior antiquity. As to the Old Testament, though the proof was less thorough, it was more than amply sufficient and greatly transcended that which could be alleged on behalf of the earlier authors, other than the sacred writers. This was so well established and so generally allowed that time need not be spent in recapitulating the evidence on this occasion. And the genuineness of the original works being settled, another important consideration was as to the rules of interpretation which should be applied to the task of construing them. In themselves they were the work of men, written in human languages of the time, but which now were dead tongues. Certainly it would be absurd to maintain that any special, peculiar rule of interpretation should be applied to them, apart from those general and settled rules which we did apply to other books of nearly similar time, and in the same dialects. In the old Hebrew language indeed, we had no other work. The scriptures of the Old Testament were the Hebrew literature. The ancient Jews had no other. They studied the Old Testament as their history, their poetry, their literature. They paid no attention to the works of Greek and Roman authors, and regarded the Greek translations of the sacred writings of their own law as far too profane for their eyes to rest upon. Owing to this very circumstance it was probable that some errors of translation might have crept into the Greek version, which of course would be likely to be magnified in their transmission to us at the present day. This remark, however, did not so much apply to the New Testament. But to revert to the rule of interpretation. It should be the same as that by which we construed other antique works, considering, as well as possible, the customs of the people, the idiom of their tongue, and the style of the writers themselves. No other rule would stand the test of reason, though bigotry and superstition had too well succeeded in establishing the authority of another.

The history and genuineness of the Scriptures having thus been briefly adverted to, the lecturer next passed to their consideration as literary works, as specimens of style and composition. They exhibited much variety, and many of them were models of beauty in their several styles. In this respect they were well deserving the study of the literary man, as mere works of intellect, irrespective of their moral magnificence and spiritual sublimity. The historical portions possessed a force and directness which stamped them in the mind, at once, as true and faithful records of events, and gave them an intrinsic authority which no argument could shake. We felt that they were true. As a sample of their merit as compositions, let for instance, the first chapter of Genesis be compared with any account of creation within our reach, whether the absurdities of the Hindoo, the wild and ridiculous legends of various Pagan religions, or the fables of the followers of Mahomet. What mind could fail to perceive the immeasurable superiority of the cosmogony of Moses to any other cosmogony whatever, or all of them combined. Take the birth of light. "God said, let there be light—and light was!" How sublime in simplicity was this. No expression, nor combination of sentences within the compass of human language, could convey half the force comprised in this inimitable phrase. As a specimen of awful sublimity, the lecturer referred to a portion of the last chapter of Habakkuk, which he called, perhaps, the most magnificent collocation of splendid imagery ever penned. He also referred, as specimens of exceeding, though different beauty, to Psalms 23 and 139—and then passing to the New Testament, bestowed the highest eulogy upon the Gospels, as simple, but life like and striking histories, whose merit art had never equalled, and whose apparent, evident, inherent and indisputable truth pressed itself with irresistible force upon the mind as well as the heart. The speech of Paul before Agrippa was a piece of masterly, yet perfectly honorable ingenuity which Demosthenes and Cicero never equalled. And the various writings of the same Apostle, to the Church and to individuals, were incomparable works in their way. To the strength of his argumentation which swept away all opposition by its crushing weight, he added a gentleness which gave to logic almost the softness of sentiment—while with the moral grandeur and intellectual magnificence which commanded awe and reverence from the greatest, he possessed tenderness of heart which won the love of the most humble. Next to Christ himself, that man was the noblest being that ever trod the earth.

The Rev. gentleman entered then on the consideration of the authority which finally settled the admission or rejection of works claiming to be sacred, from the Bible. This was only, and could only be, the concurrent consent and general testimony of the Jewish Church and the early Christian Church, each with regard to its own canon. The writings comprised in the New Testament were first collected together by the Council of Laodicea, A. D., 364, and with regard to them he was inclined to the belief that nothing was improperly admitted into, or rejected from that compilation. But with regard to the Old Testament it was different. The Romish Church retained in her Bible several books rejected by the Protestant, and known to us as the Apocrypha. Some, if not all these apocryphal writings he believed to be of equal weight and authenticity with some of the admitted books.

But, setting aside these matters, and taking the Bible as we had it—with or without the Apocrypha—we were brought to the inquiry what it was. Was the bible a revelation?—No—No but it contained a revelation. Was it a record of God's dealings with his creatures? No—but it contained that record. And this distinction he held to be of great importance, for by adopting the other supposition we should give equal and the same force to all its parts, the same binding authority to all its injunctions or prohibitions. This was clearly uncalled for and unreasonable, and it was no breach of Christian duty, no violation of Christian faith to attach greater weight to what comes to us distinctly promulgated of the commands of the Most High and the teachings of the Savior, than to historical statements, though true in themselves, or maxims of wisdom though from the lips of the wise man. Containing all these, however, the annunciation of God's will, the instructions of his Son, the proverbs of the wise man and the songs of the devout one, the history of mankind from the creation through the Jewish dominion, the record of the Almighty's doings with his people—from the first awakening in the Garden of Eden, up through all generations of the prophets, until the appearance of Jesus Christ, the last of God's messengers to earth and his dearly beloved Son, who came to proclaim the perfect law of the Father and bestow a true religion upon man—containing all this, was it much to say that such a book imperatively demanded the serious attention and careful examination of all? Surely not. Let the philosopher examine it, for the sake of the wisdom of its lessons. Let the antiquarian examine it, for no where else on earth could he look for any account, of any accuracy or reliability, of the primeval ages and the formation of the globe whereon he lives. Let the man of literary attainments and taste examine it for the sake of the mental improvement and intellectual pleasure its study will afford. But above all let the Christian study it for itself. With a firm reliance on God's word, believing in His promises as made known and enforced by His Son, the devout Christian can brave every earthly loss, endure every worldly privation. Leave him but the Bible, and you may take away all else. Deprive him of that, and you rob him of every thing—you leave him in the midst of the illimitable universe, a poor orphan, with none to whom he can turn for support, not a hope to which he can cling for consolation.

Dr. GANNETT's next lecture will treat of the Authority of the Scriptures.

For the Register.

RETRIBUTION.

Of all subjects interesting to the human mind, none certainly is of more importance, or should more seriously affect us, than the penal consequences attached to our thoughts and doings.—The doctrine of retribution becomes ten-fold more affecting when we consider its foundation as laid in the nature of things. Great as the Almighty is, if his chastisements were merely arbitary, if they were the result of an out-stepping from the prescribed government of the universe, at each dereliction from the path of duty, even though the infliction might be heavy and severe, yet, in such a case, Omnipotence would be deprived of half its power over the souls and consciences of men. It would then be divested of its certainty. We should feel it so, whether or not the case could be demonstrated from the divine attributes. Nature, in such a case, would be dissevered from the God of nature, and that strong power over the human soul, which comes from a belief in law and order, would be dissipated into uncertainty and unsteady fear.

But it is not so. The fact of retribution is a fact of nature. It is established in the law of the mind. God himself, without the intervention of a miracle, could not overthrow it. It therefore stands like the pillars of the universe, in the very fabric of the soul. It will last as long as the soul lasts, for good or for evil. In this light, we say, it is one of the most, if not *the* most, affecting and serious truth, which can occupy the minds of men. And in this light, also, an error on this subject becomes of startling consequence. It is from this view that we now propose to consider it, in reference to some of its modifications, some errors and mistakes.

And in approaching this subject, we shall, perhaps, no where be struck more forcibly, than by the truth of this old adage, that "the truth generally lies between two extremes." It is so, eminently, here. And we may here see, also, a verification of that philosophical fact, that no system of error, however enormous, obtains any influence over bodies of men, but by its origin or participation in some primal truth. It is this which is its support and life, and to this it owes its existence.

Let us now state the two extremes of error which have obtained on the subject of retribution, noting how they have both grown from the truth, and how, when those truths are rightly understood, they will both disappear and be lost at a medium point. The first is, that for the sins of this life, an intolerable torment will be inflicted on the souls and bodies of men throughout eternity. Pains fiercer than the thunderbolts of God—anguish unmitigated—infinite both in severity and duration, will be poured out on the heads of those who pass in unrepented sin to the grave. This is one extreme. The other is, that at some point in the lapse of time—at death, or some period beyond, the whole race of man will be ushered into equal bliss,—that all sin, and all the effects of sin, so far as they may be evil, will cease instantly from the soul, and the whole rational universe shall be presented on equal footing before its Maker.—These constitute the two extremes of error, and, strange to say, they are both largely founded on great primal truths. Else they could never have received existence or support. Now, what are we to do with these antipodes? It may be very interesting for us to know, that a doctrine so withering and devastating as that of endless, intolerable, and unmitigated torment, could never have obtained such sway in the world—such hold on the minds and consciences of men, were it not based upon some fact in the constitution of man. Premising here, that the superstructure is much larger than the foundation—out-running and over-hanging it entirely, so that it cannot long rest upon it, we would inquire what that fact is? And we answer, it is *the law of the mind, that what affects it in time, affects it, by a concatenation of causes, through its whole duration.* For, is it not true of mind, what is undoubtedly true of matter, that every part is affected by every other part, and *vice versa*? It is a part of our common faith in physical science, that every particle of matter gravitates towards every other particle, so that atom affects atom, and planet affects planet, and suns affects suns, (though by no disturbing influence,) throughout the whole universe. Now, in mind we include the idea of coutinuity as much as in matter we include the idea of space. If matter is affected through all space, by the movement of any one particle, so mind, through all its continuity, by an act, an impression, or a turn, at any one period of its being. What is lost, is lost forever; what is gained, is secured forever. This is certainly true of opportunities, and it as true of the loss or gain of those opportunities. I do not mean to say, that the acquisition of a virtue, once foregone, can never be effected; but I say, there is so much lost out of the soul's opportunities, and on the same principle, years of privileges may be squandered, for which eternity never can compensate. Thus, what is lost, is lost forever. The mind may make rapid advances from a turning point of repentance, but, had it improved *all* its time, and *all* its opportunities, it would have been careering on a still higher course. It avails nothing to say here, that sin itself is many times the *cause* of a turning point, and a more rapid advance. It is frequently so. But how much further on are those who have never squandered this amount of time in sin, all other circumstances being the same? So that, on the whole, the law of the mind is, that *what affects it in time, affects it, by a concatenation of causes, through its whole duration.* To be sure, we may not be able to trace all the effects, or even any of them, which may exist in eternity, by causes which have long since transpired; for, in the multiplicity and complexity of the new influences which may continually surround and act upon the soul, the precise effect of this or that course of action may be, to our vision, wholly obliterated. But we cannot say from this, those effects will not exist, any more than we can say now, that our present character, in some of its conspicuous traits, is not the effect of some circumstances utterly forgotton—perhaps never noticed.

Here, then, is plainly a philosohical ground on which even *endless* consequences of moral actions may be affirmed. And it is this, we cannot help thinking, which gives to the doctrine of endless misery its color of consistency to many minds. Here is an instance in which eminent error in otherwise enlightened minds, may seem to owe its life and support to a real truth in the constitution of man. Its exhibition, too, may serve, as we shall show in the sequel, to unite all sects, at least on this point, as they will have to be united on every other, when once they fully understand the common principles on which all are built. For, truth is one; and all perpendicular lines, when fully extended, will meet at a centre, though no two of them are parallel.

But, because of endless consequences for man's transgressions, being a truth founded in the nature of mind, is that any reason for deducing the enormous idea of infinite and inexpressible torment in the bodies and souls of men throughout eternity? This would be like giving a sand, to make a world. A problem which neither our mathematics nor metaphysics can work. Or, it is like building an inverted pyramid. It must finally fall. And its increasing height will *hasten* its fall. Carry it up higher and higher by the supports of popular opinion—prop it on all sides, and the higher up you carry it—the more you make of it, the worse it always is for error, for an inverted pyramid must finally fall!

Now, the real doctrine undoubtedly is, that there are differences in the future state according to the use of our agency both here and there. And differences too, which no mortal reason can assign the limits to. If I were to express an opinion, for nothing definite can be known on this subject, I should say that, every man, woman, and child, would commence a future state about as they leave this, as regards difference of capacity, virtue, and enjoyment, though *all* under higher influences, and all subject to the law of progression. There may be, for aught we know, temporary retrogressions there; but the great fact of this subject, in the law of humanity, is general and continual progression,—from knowledge to knowledge, and from glory to glory.

"From seeming *evil*, still educing good,
And better still, and better thence again,
In infinite progression."

Some, who commence the march of eternity far in advance of others, may be outstripped by those who are behind. Who can tell what influences may there work upon the soul? what new associates, new stimulants, new motives, may affect us? And who shall say, precisely, when sin shall cease? when the consequences of certain actions—the severer fruits of retribution, shall end in the soul? The more I reflect on this subject, the more I am convinced of the futility of all those efforts which would fix an assigned limit to the consequences of human actions,—which would draw a line across eternity, and for all human spirits, and say, here, up to this mark must all the workings of divine retribution end! Now, let penalties cease, and let there be equality! There is an indefinitism about this subject from the very nature of it.—But *this* thing is definite. It is distinct, it is encouraging, it is fearful. *The law of divine retribution will act while the soul endures, in some way or other; though, not so as to prevent the soul's enjoyment, or to arrest its progress.*

And this leads me to the consideration of the other extreme of error. It is, that, at some point in the lapse of time—at death, or at some period beyond, the whole race of men will be ushered into equal bliss,—that all sin, and all the effects of sin, so far as they may be evil, will cease instantly from the soul, and the whole body of humanity shall be presented on equal footing before its Maker. This, undoubtedly, is as absurd an error as the former, though not so horrifying to the heart of man. Yet, decidedly averse to the true encouragement of human powers, and of bad practical tendency. And yet, like all great errors which sway, for a time, any body of men, founded on a great primal truth.—That truth evidently is, that from the foreknowledge and perfections of God, the existence of every individual soul must, on the whole, be made a blessing. It would be a libel on the Creator—a virtual atheism towards all his revelations, to suppose that, under his pre-science and government, any rational soul could, on the whole, find his existence a curse to him. There is no such God. But because this is so, is that any reason for deducing the magnificent error, that at any moment of eternity, much less, the moment of each mortal's death, the law of divine retribution will cease its workings? a law fixed in the human soul, and constituting a part *of* that soul? Is that any reason for supposing that sin will one day be hussled out of us—that our moral character will change like lightning—sin be thrown off like a garment, and virtue thrown around us as a robe? Is it dress and undress, like the changing characters of a play?—Never! Those who conceive thus of our nature have sacrificed reason to system. Avoiding Scylla, they have struck upon Charybdis. Scripture contains no intimation of such a scene in moral affairs, and reason takes not her first firm step in the pursuit of it. Alas! for error, and yet, all hail! the light and truth which it lives in.—The whole of man's existence *is* a blessing.—The awful length of eternity shall not wind its curses, thickest and deepest, around any living soul. But yet, the retributions of Jehovah shall last, from the beginning even to infinity. There is but one existence. Death widens the path of our being, but does not interrupt it, or deliver us from our own formations of our own souls.—How great, how serious the truth! How elevating and how cheering, and yet how fearful and admonitory! Eternal life! Eternal being! Infinite the trust, and guarded by the great Giver, from a descent into utter and continued degredation; led on even, by Him, unto higher and higher attainments in science and in virtue; yet throughout its whole duration, left much at our control, that we might have the very dignity and bliss which that vast life bestows! May we be truly faithful to its calling, and have no deep occasions for regrets.

But I must draw this article to a close. And from the view taken, it cannot but be gratifying to every lover of true Christianity, to the liberal and unselfish of all parties, that we are able to see, from the highest hill of human vision, that union of sects and individuals in the Christian Church, which is the devout wish of every good man. It must be so. When we see how various systems of error spring from some common truths, and how one extreme leads to the other, let us hope that, in the clearer vision of better times, when men shall look on sects as on patches and fragments of the truth, and, feeling that Truth is one, shall unite to seek it from all parties however varying, we shall then find some common ground which is broad and free enough for us all. Our principles must lead us to this grand and harmonious conclusion. At least, it is so with our present subject. Then shall the fierce advocate of the wrath of God, revelling in the imagination of an undying eternity of bitter misery for human souls; and the more benevolent, though erroneous believer in instantaneous and thorough changes—stops in the divine government—cessations of eternal nature, meet upon common principles at a medium point, and learn a lesson of mutual humiliation and joy. Justice will assert its claims. Benevolence will be glorified, and the great, unswerving law of divine retribution be rightly conceived and acknowledged by all. We shall never all think precisely alike on all points, and it is not for the interests of truth that we should. Free, independent, and original minds, will always differ. This we may believe to be the motion which prevents the great ocean of truth from perpetual stagnation. But we may have faith, that on all great and essential points, the union of the sects is gradually approaching. From topmost heights, to be sure, and by a few spirits, it is only seen in the distance; but it is, at least, a poetical, as well as a religious consolation, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." W. M. F.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—A friend has just directed our attention to an article in the Register of Nov. 21st, which on account of my absence from home, had hitherto escaped my attention. This article is headed "Expediency. Providence," and partially reviews an article of mine, upon the former subject, in the Religious Magazine for the same month. Until I saw this review I had not the most remote idea, that the name of Bishop Jebb, had ever appeared in the columns of the Register. Since I have seen the construction which it was possible for a candid and generous critic to put upon my words, in regard to him, I crave the use of your columns, to give a short, and it may be, a not unentertaining account of the origin of the article in question. The quotation at the head of the article was handed anonymously to a Committee accustomed to prepare questions for the discussion of a band of Sabbath School Teachers. When I read it for the first time, I perceived that in order to have any *discussion* upon the subject, it would be necessary to strike out the clause relating to the "call of duty," because that determines all questions for all men. There are some persons, who never *have*, a "call of duty" to do a disagreeable thing, however necessary and right. The question in the manner it was expressed, seemed to me, unworthy of a manly and straight-forward mind. It meant much or nothing, as one chose. In this dilemma, I applied to one of the finest scholars in the Unitarian denomination for some account of Bishop Jebb, but he only replied, "I have heard of Jebb's Sermons, but I really know nothing about them." I then had recourse to Encyclopedias and Biographical Dictionaries by the quantity, but could find no news of any Jebb, that had ever been made a Bishop. Do you wonder that I supposed he had left no impression of himself on men? When the article was written, without any close analysis of its text, but considering the argument on general grounds, it was handed to our Superintendent. He is not only one of the best of men, but a person of excellent information, extensive reading and uncommon personal gifts. But he is cautious, slow and under the conservative dominion of the sentiments. *He* thought that the remark might have been made, by the most active and zealous of reformers, and endeavored to prepare himself for the meeting which would be discussed, by ascertaining the character of the author. He took the quotation to the Athenæum, and after a short search succeeded in finding a long account of Dr. John Jebb. This modern divine is no stranger to you or your readers. A patient but vigorous reformer, he was equally eminent as a scholar, a theologian and a physician. Early in life, he publicly proclaimed the impropriety of addressing Christ as an object of worship, and having in his first lecture before the University of Cambridge, confessed his faith in the unity of God, and his unwillingness to subscribe to any creed other than that indirectly set forth by the teachings of Christ,—the students were forbidden by the government, to attend the remainder of the course, his chief crime, being "that he had roused the spirit of inquiry among the younger students." Finding it impossible to read a Liturgy founded upon the Athanasian creed, after having avowed his faith in the unity, he resigned his various livings and had recourse to the study of Medicine. He sympathised in the American struggle for liberty and writes in the year 1774. "I have sent the Bishop the pamphlet on the Quebec Bill. At my instance, he read it and is convinced and speaks as strongly as I do, which is saying a *good deal*, for you know I am not given to what is *improperly* called *moderation* upon such subjects." In 1776, among the private resolutions on his tablets, we find the *eighth*;—"To speak the truth—lie not, through fear of man's resentment, nor seek the favor of any, by disguising or softening any sentiments." In 1777, Dr. Priestley dedicated to him, his "Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity."

In the same year, he took active and manly measures in aid of constitutional reform. In regard to that matter, he said, "The spirit of accommodation will ruin us all, nor can any good purpose be answered by conceding to measures which the judgment disapproves." He spoke with decisive zeal, saying, "That they who would not make this reform, their first political object, were not worthy to be called its friends." He protected the religious freedom of the Irish; "In the support of what I think right "he says," I have sacrificed health, fortune and peace of mind, so far as that depends on external circumstances, but I will not swerve from principle." He was nevertheless, candid, in speaking of the deeds and motives of others, and never from interest, passion or prejudice, deviated from the right line of duty. His favorite motto was, "No effort *can be* lost;" and he minutely describes the leading feature of his life, when he says, in regard to his political opposition to the coalition between Fox and Pitt. "It is not in my nature to give way to expediency at the expense of right. Moderation, when real I honor, but timidity under that appearance, I detest." In a series of private resolutions written not long before his death, we find one to this effect. "In all points to act with perfect consistency, not abating my zeal in behalf of civil or religious liberty, nor sacrificing principle even for a moment, to any personal interest of whatever nature." I have always loved our Superintendent, but my heart never warmed towards him, as it did, when after opening the meeting and recapitulating the heads of this man's life, he raised his beaming face from the paper, and said, with a simplicity and candor, beautiful to see, "Now, I was so captivated with this man's life, that I was in hopes, he would prove to be our *Bishop*, and I did not give it up, even when I came to his remark, that he never gave way to expediency at the expense of right. But upon looking a little farther along, I came to a notice of another Dr. John Jebb, a very quiet amiable man, much loved by a large circle of personal friends, but he was timid, and exercised but a limited influence, he was both tory and high churchman and made himself obnoxious to the liberal party by insisting with great zeal upon the establishment of the English Church in Ireland, and I could not help admitting though nothing was said about the Bishoprick, that it was most likely *he* had attained to it!" Would to heaven, that all conservatives, were like our Superintendent! I cannot imagine as he does, that John Jebb, the reformer, could ever have been daunted by circumstances, but I value the conservative element in society, as much as I do the reformative, and "quiet graces" are the bridle upon the neck of a spirited steed, which all who live in this age, must some time bestride. Before sending my article to the press, I again endeavored to find some biographical notice of a *Bishop* Jebb, or to find the correspondence with Knox of which I had heard, but without success, although I had access to several public libraries. I had no reason to think therefore, that my decision as to his probable limited influence, was unjust, but it would have been wiser, to have set aside the quotation and considered the subject of Expediency on independent ground. You go on to make remarks upon the necessarily limited sphere of most human beings, in which I entirely sympathise, but I assure you, that I should not have considered the subject of Expediency, a suitable subject for *my* discussion, had its uses been confined to persons of wide influence or public men. The most common existing mistake, is the underrating of individual influence, especially among women. If the women of this city, understood its importance, and acted accordingly, I believe that they could change the moral tone of the whole neighborhood in ten years. The question at issue is important to the true comfort of the *fireside*, and of all influences, that of the wife and mother, the husband and father—stand first. In a public sense, many are deterred from acting in connexion with desired reforms, because they must stand by the side of fanatical and indiscreet persons. This plea will never avail them before the bar of Christ. "Do your own work, and do it well," is his command, to them, "Leave other men, to the judgment of God." I should hardly have detained you so long, upon a question, which most nearly concerns myself, were it not, for your concluding paragraph—from which I see that my words have given you the impression that I esteem it a "*merit*" not to know Bishop Jebb. I deeply regret, having written so carelessly or so captiously as to have given an impression so untrue to myself. All information is precious to me and readily received from the humblest source. If you were to ask me what I thought the present age most needed, I should say—"Reverence. First and last, that reverence for the Truth, which shall make its youth, patient with Goodness and Age, lying under a mistake." Feeling thus, and knowing full well, that *personal* influence is the only influence I can ever exert over a large number of *your* readers and those of the Magazine, I would not for one moment give the weight of that, however small, to the spirit which you seem to have detected in my words. I shall be extremely grateful for any information about the Bishop and hoping that the sketch which I have given of a person supposed to be his nephew, the son of the Dean of Cashell, may interest your young readers.

I am, sincerely yours, C. W. H.

BOSTON, DEC. 5, 1846.

John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, was, we think, at one time Dean of Cashell. He was a man of meek and quiet virtues, but a very accomplished scholar. We gave a short sketch of him in the Register some time in June or July. There is a clumsy and unwieldly but still interesting Life of him written by Charles Forster and published in London two or three years ago, from which our sketch was taken.

For the Register.

ALBANY, December 19, 1846.

MR. EDITOR,—On behalf of the Albany Unitarian Society, your correspondent requests permission to present in your columns a statement of the results of the Fair recently held by that Society, at Bleecker Hall *in* this city; and to tender an expression of gratitude to many friends abroad who have aided them in the enterprise.

It was with strong misgivings on the part of some of our members that we engaged in an experiment of such a nature, in a community so generally adverse to our doctrines. Not discouraged however, but satisfied that extraordinary effort was essential to success, all united resolutely, heart and hand in the project.

The public has given us the credit of having prepared a beautiful exhibition. The hall—itself elegantly finished—was acknowledged to have been tastefully as well as uniquely adorned for the occasion; and the Concert and Tableaux, while here they were novel features of a Fair, were considered unusually attractive.

Notwithstanding most inclement weather on the evening when we had reason to expect the largest receipts, our nett proceeds amount to nearly three hundred and fifty dollars. That sum, small as it is, is of great importance to us in supplying the deficiency in our current expenses this fiscal year; but it is with pleasure that we are enabled to assure our friends that had we gained nothing pecuniarily, we should have reason to congratulate ourselves and them, on our signal success in another respect. Our efforts—laborious and self-sacrificing, in view of our limited numbers and means,—were made not only without an instance of jealous heart burning or estrangement, but with the utmost union and good feeling. Indeed, if we had no other reward, the delightful impulses animated by the occasion and promising to be happily of lasting influences, would be abundantly sufficient; but realising a favorable and important impression upon the community at large, we have still more cause for congratulation.

We are, however conscious that we would have made, comparatively, very little display of articles for sale, and our fair would, in all its features, have been far less attractive, had it not been for the kindness of our friends abroad who have, by their gifts and good wishes, imposed on us a debt of gratitude which we shall ever be anxious, but we fear unable fully to discharge.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to the sewing circles respectively connected with the societies of Rev. Mr. Bartol in Boston, Rev. Mr. Hall and Rev. Mr. Osgood in Providence, Rev. Mr. Hall in Dorchester, Rev. Mr. Putnam in Roxbury, Rev. Mr. Whitney in Brighton, Rev. Mr. Harrington in Hartford and Rev. Mr. May in Syracuse; also to the Unitarian Society in Pittsburg, Penn., and to individual friends in Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, New York, Troy and elsewhere, for various beautiful and useful articles:—also to friends in Troy and Springfield for refreshments; to the Sunday School of Rev. Mr. Halls' society in Providence for four setts of Channing's Works; to a friend in New York for ten copies of Dewey's Controversial Works and a like number of Mrs. Dana's Letters; to the Messrs. Endicott of New York for a number of fine prints: also to members of the societies of Rev. Mr. Hall in Dorchester and Rev. Mr. Bartol in Boston, to the Channing Society in Springfield; the Sunday School of the Ministry-at-large in Providence, Rev. Mr. Babcock, and to friends in Roxbury, for donations of money.

The kindness of those friends from Troy, Hartford and New York who favored us with their presence and aided us by their personal exertions, will never be forgotten.

In conclusion we desire to add a few words upon the prospects of our society.

They are hopeful beyond our most ardent anticipations. While our members do not exhibit any very rapid increase, it is evident that a just appreciation of our views has been widely disseminated during the last year. Our church is uniformly well attended; and many individuals are now frequently seen in our pews, who, a few months ago, could not have been induced to enter the Church. We realize that we are fast approaching a crisis when the odium which has attached to our doctrines, will, measurably, be dissipated; and when the many who have long sympathised with us will cease to be deterred by fear of reproach, from the avowal of their true sentiments.

Blessed with a continuance of the zeal and unity of sentiment and effort which now eminently characterize our members, our friends may be assured that our society will ere long be established on a firm and permanent basis, in the regard and good will of this community.

Yours in Christian sympathy,

J. D. VAN SCHAACK,
Secretary of Albany Unitarian Society

For the Register.

DEDICATION AT WINDSOR, VT.

The Unitarian Church in Windsor, Vt., recently erected was dedicated to the worship of one God, through his Son Jesus Christ on Dec. 9th, 1846. The sermon was preached by Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Keene, N. H., and the prayer of Dedication offered by the same. The other services were performed by Rev. Mr. Newell, of Pomfret, Vt. The house is of the Gothic order, planned by Mr. Cabot,

For the Register.

LITTLE JAMES AND HIS DOVE.

FOR CHILDREN.

"Oh dear me!" said Susan Brayton, a little girl about ten years old, "what shall I do?—I wish vacation was over, for I am always so lonely. Aunt Lucy will you tell me what to do this afternoon, until mother comes home?"

"I thought you were very anxious to make a cloak for your doll," replied her Aunt.

"I am tired of playing with my doll and reading every thing else, and I wish school time would come again, so that I might see the girls," said Susan, as she stood at the window and scratched the letters of her name on the glittering window pane, where Jack Frost had deposited his feathery treasures.

"I would advise you, Susan, when you feel as you do now, to think if there is not something you can do, which will be of use to some one. It is because you have spent the day to no good purpose, living only for yourself, that makes you feel thus: try now to do some good and you will soon have happier feelings. Is there not some sewing you can do to help your mother?"

"I don't feel like sewing, Aunt Lucy," answered Susan. "I have been fussing over my doll's cloak, until I am tired of the sight of needles and thread."

"But you were then sewing for your own amusement only. I heard your mother say this morning, that she wished the strings were hemmed, in readiness for Fanny's apron. That is plain work, and the thought that you are sewing for some good purpose, will banish all your fatigue, I am sure."

"Well, Aunt Lucy, I will try," said Susan.

"Meanwhile," continued her Aunt, "I will tell you a little story which I shall call James and his Dove."

"What was his other name," inquired Susan.

"I do not choose to tell thee his other name, because it is a true story; that is enough to call him.

When James was about seven years old, some kind friend gave him a little Dove, and his elder brother made a cage for him to keep it in. James was so gentle, that the little creature soon learned to take the crumbs of bread from his hand, and it was his greatest delight when he came from school to seat himself by the cage, to open the door and hold out his hand for his favorite. He had not long to wait, for the Dove was always on the watch, with his head first inclining to one side and then to the other, and when he heard the latch of the gate, and his brother's feet upon the pavement of the yard, he would hop upon the perch and the moment the door was open, take his place upon his hand.—They were somewhat alike, that child and his little companion, and it was a beautiful picture to see them together. The Dove would press his soft head against his master's cheek, whose blue eyes with their long eye-lashes, and his dark hair curling loosely around his high white forehead, made him very attractive. But it was after all the pure and innocent expression of his countenance, which gave him his chief beauty. He never had any wicked thoughts; or rather if they came into his mind, he did not let them stay there, and therefore his countenance usually wore that happy look, which we love to see in children, and which makes us think they try to be good.

One pleasant Saturday morning, as James was returning from school, he thought to himself "this afternoon, I will take my Sunday school hymn, and sit down upon the doorsteps with Pet close by me," and at the thought of the pleasant time he would have, he turned the door very quickly, and was soon at his own gate.

As he raised the latch, he rattled it hard that Pet might know he was coming, but when a moment after he stood beside the cage, the door was open, and no Dove was there. James looked under the rose-bush and behind the wheel-barrow, but could see nothing of him, and was turning to go into the house, when he heard a low growl just over his head. He looked up, and there on the fence sat an old gray cat with the Dove in her mouth. "The naughty, ugly cat!" exclaimed James, as he seized a stone to throw at her. But just then the thought came to his mind, "Pussy doesn't know any better, she isn't to blame," and he dropped the stone upon the ground, but his eyes filled with tears, and as the cat disappeared over the fence, with his darling Pet, he sat upon the doorstep, where he had thought to have such a pleasant time, and cried bitterly."

"How big is James now, Aunt Lucy!" inquired Susan.

"He is a man now," replied her Aunt, "and would not willingly do anything wrong, and never looses his temper. If he had given way to anger with the old cat, who, he said, did not know any better, the next time any thing went wrong, he would have been more angry, probably, and so have gone on, until instead of being so good a man, he would have been cross and irritable. I was reminded of him this morning, when I saw a little girl strike her baby sister, for tearing her doll's frock which she had carelessly left in her way. I could not help thinking what sort of a woman this little girl would make, if she did not soon begin to control her temper. I thought too, of her mother, and, how unhappy it made her to see her little daughter so easily made angry, until I felt quite sad; but I am sure if my dear neice would only think about it, that she would endeavor to correct this fault, which if neglected will be the cause of much sorrow to herself and to all who love her. Will you not try, my dear Susan, to do better in this respect," inquired her Aunt, as she threw her arm around the little girl, and kissed her affectionately. Susan hid her face upon her Aunt's shoulder, to conceal the tears of sorrow and shame which were falling from her eyes, and she promised that she would begin from that moment.

Many and severe were the trials with which Susan had to contend, in her effort to control her wilful temper, but every one seemed easier than the last, and though she sometimes wearied of her exertion, yet her efforts were finally crowned with success, and now at the age of sixteen, the thoughtful, pleasant, yielding maiden, you would scarcely recognize the passionate, self-willed child; and though now, the hasty word often rises to her lips yet she seldom gives it utterance, for she still keeps in remembrance Aunt Lucy's story of James and his Dove.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—I have looked for some time to find in "the Register" a notice of the Ordination at Sterling of Rev. T. Prentiss Allen. It is the first one of those ordinations which ought not to have passed unheeded. It was on one of two lovely days in the midst of many cloudy and stormy ones. An exceedingly interesting one inasmuch as it gave to a living society a living Pastor. There was nothing heretical said and no peculiar rebuke of heresy. There was nothing out of which to create an excitement. Neither was it a day of no feeling. It was one which called forth much feeling. The father came to bless the son in his chosen work. The brother came to bid the brother "God speed" in a glorious cause. The citizen came to his former home to remind the people that the Sabbath, the Sanctuary and the Bible were as good then as when a boy he used to wend his way on that holy day to that holy place to hear the heaven descended word. That the world could do no better without them now than formerly. Former companions and present friends both young and old joined hearts and hands to confirm and strengthen the growing faith of another messenger of good tidings and to sympathize and rejoice with this portion of God's people. The day and the people seemed to have settled the matter that the power of the adversary must be overthrown and God's children redeemed. That this was a great work which could not be accomplished in a day, and that, therefore, they would go to work steadily, earnestly and perseveringly to its accomplishment. Such a day ought to be noticed. It makes one feel that though the world grow blind and skeptical for a time, yet the children of the family of God go steadily forward saving and being saved. W. H. S.

[The Register for Nov. 21st., noticed this ordination.]

We are very happy to publish the following from a Layman, fully concurring in the view it takes.

MR. EDITOR,—I was sorry to see that you stated in the last Register that Mr. Putnam had published a Thanksgiving Sermon which had attracted some notice. This is a mistake. Mr. P. did not publish the Sermon, but it appeared in a newspaper—a *reporter* having furnished it to them.

This is a new mode of presenting such performances to the public and it seems to me quite an exceptionable one. I should be sorry to see the practice generally adopted, and to leave our clergymen in doubt whether they are preaching to their own congregations or the public. I hope the excellence of this sermon and the great gratification it has afforded will not prove a temptation to a repetition of an offence (as I consider it) of this kind.

LEXINGTON, Dec. 1846.

At a meeting of the members of the first parish at the Monument House, for the purpose of considering the recent calamity by fire by which they lost the recently erected church,

Col. Sullivan Burbank was called to the chair and Jonathan S. Parker was chosen Secretary.

After due consideration it was

Resolved, That while in deep sorrow of heart we mourn over the loss of the beautiful temple we had erected, and were expecting soon to consecrate to the worship of God, and the highest moral and spiritual good of our community, we would bow in silent submission to the calamity, by which our fond hopes have been frustrated and our joyous anticipations have been disappointed, as the permission of that being, whose providential visitations are all marked by unerring wisdom and all perfect love.

Resolved, That while we regret, that by this dispensation, we are cut off for a time from the enjoyment of an instrumentality which we had hoped would have proved a powerful auxilary to the cause of religion in our midst, we would rejoice in the thought that our God dwelleth not, exclusively, in temples made with hands, but is present to accept and bless the worship of his children, wherever the humble and contrite heart is lifted up before him in sincere devotion, whether in the splendid church, the ruder structure, or under the open canopy of heaven, whether in the social assembly, or in the silent retirement of social worship.

Resolved, That as fellow members of the same religious society, we would determine, that our common participation in disappointment and loss shall bind our hearts more closely together, in the strong and holy bonds of christian affection and fellowship, and in united and earnest devotion to the cause of pure and undefiled religion in our midst.

Resolved, That we would render thanks to our Father in Heaven, for the mercies mingled in our affliction, that by the dampness of the fast falling snow, the dwellings of our citizens have been saved from the devouring flames raging so near them, which must otherwise from their position and from the want of water in the vicinity, have been utterly destroyed.

Resolved, That we would tender our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy to the builder of our church, in the severe disappointment and great loss, to which he is by this calamity subjected.

Resolved, That we would express our sincere thanks to our fellow citizens, for their promptness and zeal in efforts to stop the flames and to watch and protect the dwellings, that were for a time in imminent danger.

Resolved, That we would express our warm and heartfelt gratitude to our friends in West Cambridge, for their kindness and courage in facing for miles a severe storm, that they might if possible render us efficient assistance in arresting the progress of the flames.

Voted, That the above resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and published in the newspapers of the day.

SULLIVAN BURBANK, Chairman.
JONATHAN S. PARKER, Secretary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE RIGHTS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN; considered in the Church of the Messiah, Nov. 1846. By Samuel J. May.

This sermon is marked by the directness, and the mild and excellent spirit of its author. But we do not sympathize with him in the end which he proposes. He thinks that women are now defrauded of a large portion of their rights, and that they, not less than the men, should have the privilege of attending all public meetings, taking an active part in all public matters, and of being eligible to all public offices. For want of these privileges, he thinks that woman is previously wronged, and he is quite eloquent on this point. But we do not feel the force of his reasoning, although there are some matters in respect to which we must say, that we think society, as it is now constituted, does great injustice to woman. The low comparative price of female labor is a subject which cannot be too often or too earnestly brought before the public. But Mr May would say that this is only a branch growing out of the great trunk of evil to which woman is subjected by the inequality in her social position, and that if she should be raised to equal political and social privileges with man, these evils would all disappear. We cannot so regard it. This particular evil and others not less injurious, undoubtedly grow out of unjust institution and customs; but until the *natures physical and mental* of the two sexes are not only *equal* but *alike*, we have no hope that any outward equality of privileges will rectify what is wrong.

We give a single paragraph as a pleasing specimen of Mr May's more animated style.

"The sentimental, sensual poetry, which is still too much in favor, is borrowed from the East, where woman is but the minister of man's self-indulgence. Believe me, there is a higher, deeper strain on this theme, than has ever yet been sung; a strain that shall yet awaken not a sensual thought, but quicken only the divine in man; and incite both the sexes to a pure co-operation for the redemption of the race, a redemption which must commence in the sanctification of connubial love. Oh, what sordid, mercenary, or sensual motives too often prompt to marriage—a relation which should never be formed but by those of congenial spirits, whose mental, moral and physical constitutions are good; and who have the disposition, and the ability, to discharge well the momentous duties of parents. But it shall not always be so. The tone of flattery, and fulsome adulation, in which women have been generally addressed, shall give place to truthful words, portraying all they might and ought to be. The duties which are devolved on them, shall yet be seen in all their high import, and be seen to call for every virtue, every grace, that can be unfolded in the human mind and heart. Form, complexion, feature will be held in less esteem; and qualities of mental, moral character alone shall kindle admiration. The rosy lip and sparkling eye will awaken less delight in a manly, christian heart, than a mouth, from which proceed habitually words of good sense, of honest truth, of earnest interest in the welfare of mankind. A soft and lily, tapering hand will seem less graceful, than a hand well worn and hardened in ministries of mercy, or in honest toil for self-subsistence. And a frame cheated of half its growth, or distorted from those wise proportions, which God had given it, by subserviency to fashion, will be less pleasing than a frame made, by wholesome exercise, proper nourishment, and due obedience to the laws of health, to expand, develop its energies, and become able to endure the labors of love, the eager pursuit of literary or scientific attainment, and the wise discharge of all private or public duties, to which the claims of others may call, or the spirit within may urge it.

CHAMBERS, CYCLOPAEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE elegantly illustrated. Jordan & Wiley.

We very much like both the plan and the execution of this work, which is published in numbers at 25 cents each. It contains besides a running commentary on concise history of English literature, judicious specimens from all our prominent writers, beginning with the early Saxons and coming down to the reign of George III.

AN ADDRESS before the Sons of Temperance, pronounced in Louisville July 4th, 1846. By Rev. John H. Hayward.

We ought a long time ago to have noticed this Address, which is a fervid, eloquent appeal, on the subject of Temperance, adapted to the season when it was delivered. It is refreshing to find that such words are spoken in the distant part of the country. It argues well for those who speak and those who hear.

OBITUARIES.

NANCY OLIVA WHITING.

Died in Peterboro', N. H., of consumption, Nancy Oliver Whiting, daughter of Samuel and Oliva Whiting, aged 19.

The death of this individual presents a most beautiful illustration of the power and efficiency of Christian faith to support and cheer one through the slow but certain progress of disease, and through the trying hour of death. We know of no innate strength of mind or fortitude, or of any ecstatic feeling that could have enabled this young girl to meet the trying scenes she passed through with such calmness, serenity and even joy, but her strong abiding faith in Christ. She longed to be gone. The morning of her death, she anxiously inquired how many hours she should probably live, and when told that she might live three or four, "oh say one hour" she exclaimed, seeming almost impatient for the final summons. When she had become pulseless and her hands cold and purple, she looked at them and smiled and seemed absorbed for a moment in apparent devotion. Her great desire was to be with her Savior—and it seemed to afford her great comfort that he had also passed through the scenes that now awaited her. She had no hope in the trying hour, but her strong trust and confidence in God—and this never wavered for a moment—she never had doubt, or fear.

Her sickness had been long. Never a murmur escaped her lips, she thought it all right—and during this time she had been maturing her spirit for heaven. She read the New Testament much and with great pleasure, and had committed a great part of it to memory. Very unlike those, who are the victims of this disease, who can rarely be made to feel that they are in any danger, she was for a long time fully aware of the inevitable termination of her illness, and talked freely on death, and breathed a spirit of resignation and peace, that could only come from a perfect trust in God and an unwavering confidence in the promises of the Gospel. She exhorted all who came to her bedside to love God and to prepare to meet her in heaven. She delighted to say that all her trust was in God—that she felt a calmness and serenity, that assured her that her sins were forgiven, and that she would be accepted of him.

Once while suffering considerable pain, she repeated these expressive lines from Watts:

> Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Two or three days before her death one of her young companions presented her with a rose—"this is beautiful," she exclaimed, "but I shall soon see things more beautiful than this."

Her patience and cheerfulness were uniform during her sickness. She never felt any terror at the thought of death or the grave. She always looked beyond them with pleasure, which no one could have witnessed without wishing his last end might be as peaceful and happy as hers. The thought of a reunion with her friends in heaven, seemed to afford her much pleasure. When one of them expressed a fear that they might not be good enough to follow her, it seemed to give her great pain. It was a delight to her to think that the separation was only for a short season.

She acknowledged no creed but the Bible.—She knew little or cared less, about the peculiarities of different denominations. She felt that all the *truths* necessary to salvation were few and plain, and most easily comprehended. She had always attended public worship at the Unitarian church, and her religious character had been formed under its influences.

But few had little idea of the spiritual culture of her mind and heart, and of her great preparation for eternity. Her religious work had gone on silently, and her gentle spirit gradually grew stronger and stronger in faith, hope and trust, till death and the grave lost all their terrors, and she rejoiced in her victory, "through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh what a blessed sight to behold the young, thus beautifully exhibiting the peace and everlasting hopes of our religion, and dying with the certainty of living again and forever enjoying the rest prepared for those who have been faithful unto the end.

HON. JOHN RUGGLES.

Died in Milton, Saturday, Dec. 19, Hon. John Ruggles, aged 74, one of four who in regular descent, have borne the name of John Ruggles, and been only sons. Mr. Ruggles was formerly a member of the State Senate, and was always respected, where he was known, as an upright, honest man, distinguished for his intelligence and his manly independence. His loss will be sadly felt in the community in which he lived. The last words, we believe, that he distinctly uttered, were, "Eternity, eternity."—He had set his house in order, and calmly awaited the end.

Mr. Willis, in his very entertaining paper, the *Home Journal*, says;

"English critics have invariably expressed their disappointment that the literature and arts of this vast country were not of a grandeur commensurate with the superiority of her natural features. Bryant does not write Niagaresquely, and Allston might have painted as he did, had the Natural Bridge never existed. The reproach promises soon to be silenced. Mr. Banvard is now exhibiting, in Boston, a panorama of the Mississippi River, which covers *three miles of canvas!* It is gradually unrolled, and occupies six hours in passing before the eye of the spectator."

We see by the English papers, that two volumes of Selections from the North American Review have been republished in England.

We have received and hope to notice hereafter, POEMS, by W. E. CHANNING, *Second Series*.

THE PRE-ADAMITE EARTH. *Contributions to Theological Science, by John Harris, D. D.*

We shall, next week, commence a series of papers on Theological subjects from one of our ablest Theological scholars. The first article will be on the *Apostolic Epistles*.

We would particularly thank our unknown correspondent, L., for her excellent little pieces for children, some of which, we see, have been copied into papers in distant parts of the Union. We hope that she will still remember us.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY SIX! We can hardly let it pass without one word more. And yet how soon does its parting knell give way to the joyful greetings of the new year. So the soul, ripe for heaven, at the moment of death, turns from the sad farewell of weeping friends to the joyous welcome of immortal spirits—from the darkness which is settling upon it through its dying senses to the celestial light which bursts in through the rending of its earthly tabernacle, that it may rise and dwell in an eternal day. So may the change of years, and, still more, the change of worlds be to us.

We are glad to see that a volume of Sermons on Consolation, by Rev. A P. Peabody, is to be published in a few days, by Crosby & Nichols.

Also, a new work by the author of Martyria, which we have heard highly commended.

The Life of Robert Swain is now published by James Munroe & Co.

Also, Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruchert.—Frieligrath, and other German Poets. Translated by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, 1 vol. 16mo.

Poems, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1 vol. 16mo.

Noyes's Psalms, new edition with additions, 1 vol. 12mo., to match the Prophets, Job and Canticles.

Everett's Miscellanies, second series, 1 vol. 12mo.

Livermore's Lectures to Young Men, second edition, 1 vol. 16mo.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE GERMAN CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.—Those persons who were in the Tabernacle yesterday afternoon, nor less the hundreds who tried to get in but could not, will agree with us that the occasion was one of unusual interest. We reached the house a few minutes after two o'clock, and found it rapidly filling; and before three o'clock it was literally overflowing, as we are informed by one who was among the number, that a dense crowd filled the space between the inner and outer doors, and occupied the steps and yard.

The services were adapted to produce this intensity of interest. A number of German Roman Catholics, about two hundred, we understand, assembled there for the purpose of making a public recantation of the Romish faith, and of most, if not all, of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish worship; and as publicly to adopt, in lieu thereof, a faith and worship essentially Protestant in character. Though they take the name of "German Catholic Church," their doctrinal creed and Church constitution approach, in all important points, the doctrines and organization of what are known as "Congregational" Churches.

This reformation has been effected by the instrumentality of Rev. Mr. Giustiniani, who conducted the services. An overture was performed on the organ and a chant by the choir, and a hymn in German was sung by the members of the Church, after which two young men of intelligent appearance came from the pews and presented a Bible to their pastor, Mr. Giustiniani, who on receiving it addressed them in German and the audience in English with much feeling, solemnly promising "before high Heaven and the hundreds before whom he stood," to teach his people the truths therein contained, and to preach with all fidelity "Christ and him crucified." This brief ceremony wrought a powerful excitement throughout the house.

The reverend gentleman then addressed the English portion of the audience from a passage in the epistle of St. John:—"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The discourse could scarcely be called an exposition of the text, but was mainly a defence of himself against the Catholic press in this city, (in which the speaker, perhaps unavoidably, was made to appear slightly egotistical,) and a fierce onslaught upon the Romish hierarchy.

Two facts which he mentioned elicited tokens of gratification from the audience. Two married females had, at confession, made known to the priest that their husbands attended the ministry of a heretic. In one case the priest refused absolution until the husband had ceased so to do; and in the other he granted it only on condition that the wife should use "every and any means," for her husband's restoration to the bosom of the Roman Church. Each of those females was now present, with her husband, to renounce Popery and the confessional forever.

Mr Gustiniani then addressed his "little flock" in the German tongue, playing with considerable felicity, as we were told, upon the fact so often adduced as an unanswerable argument against the obligatory celibacy of the clergy, that "Peter's *wife's* mother lay sick of a fever," and concluding by reading the profession of faith which the Church had resolved to adopt. At this point the Germans composing the new organization stood up and responded audibly to the renunciation of Popery and adhesion to the new creed.

This document, or a synopsis of it, was afterward read in English by Rev. Mr. Thompson, pastor of the Tabernacle Church, who also made some very appropriate and eloquent remarks. Under an assurance that it would be published this morning, we procured no copy of it. We have already adverted to its character, and need only add that it gave evidence that the Church had been well instructed in the great truths of the Scriptures and in the broad features of practical godliness. It was not tainted with the rationalism which has cast a shade over a similar movement in Germany, and expressed a clear, distinct belief in the divinity of each person of the Holy Trinity. The form of church government is to be elective.

There can be little doubt that this is the commencement of a great movement among the Roman Catholics of the United States. The reverend gentleman, who has been mainly instrumental in producing this first development of the growing change, averred that hundreds here were looking on at this demonstration with deepest interest, waiting only to see how the American community received it before they gladly joined it. This plan of quiet, benevolent pastoral oversight—sympathy with the feelings and care for the souls and bodies of the people—as shown by personal visitation and converse, appears the most Christ-like, and therefore the best and surest way of reclaiming from error the upholders of Papal superstition. [N. Y. Com. Adv.

NICHOLAS the Autocrat has rather a hard time and a bad reputation in his office of prime despot: therefore we like to read what good things we can of the poor fellow.

A letter from Warsaw, of the 20th of October, relates a remarkable act of justice on the part of the Emperor of Russia. A rich Russian general had asked in marriage the daughter of a poor Polish gentleman and had been accepted. On the day of the marriage the general presented himself, accompanied by a captain and two Russian lieutenants, disguised as priests of the Greek Church. The marriage ceremony took place—after a few hours the general quarrelled with his wife and drove her from his house. The father entered a complaint against the general, but the tribunal having regard only to the validity of the marriage, dismissed the case and condemned the father to the costs of the suit. The father and daughter then carried their complaint before the Emperor, who gave the following decision: Inasmuch as the marriage of the general to the young Polish lady, was not solemnised before a real priest it was null: but inasmuch as the general deceived the young lady in an infamous manner, we direct the confiscation of all his property in favor of this young woman; that the captain shall enter into the sacred orders, and shall never marry; that the two lieutenants shall be received as simple ecclesiastics, and shall during their lives remain in the lowest grade.

On Friday morning, (last week) the Unitarian Church, situated at the head of the square in Lexington, was found to be on fire, and was totally consumed. The cause of the fire is said to have been some defect in a furnace, which had been put in within a short time. The Traveller, in noticing this fire, says;—"This church was built before the Revolution, and was just rebuilt from the old frame which was found to be sound, notwithstanding the length of time it had been erected. From this Church was witnessed the pioneer battle of the Revolution, and many warlike implements, in the shape of bullets and balls, were extracted from its old limbs in the process of renovation."

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by, by Rev. Mr. Hill, of Waltham, from II Kings, viii. 4. "He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, and he called it Nehushtan."

Subject,—Moral Courage.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The proprietor of the Register would repeat his request, to those subscribers who have recently had bills sent to them, to forward the amount, at their earliest possible convenience.

The money is needed for the essential operations of the establishment, and an early remittance will be a personal favor to the publisher, by relieving burdens which, from the long delay of many small but weekly increasing sums have grown to be very inconvenient.

Those at a distance, as well as those who pay sums not convenient to send by mail can pay the amount each to his respective postmaster, and forward to us his receipt. A proper form of receipt is given below.

POST OFFICE, (Town,) (State,)
(Month,) (Date,) 184 .

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on presentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

S— —
C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

☞ The Ladies of the LEE STREET SOCIETY, (Rev A. B. Muzzey's) in Cambridgeport, will hold a Tea Party and Sale, on the afternoon and evening of the 30th inst, in the City Hall, for the purpose of procuring means for furnishing the House of Worship now building for said Society. They would hereby respectfully invite their friends to be present and generously aid them. A great variety of articles for Christmas and New Year's Presents will be offered for sale: also, Tea, Coffee, Ice Creams, and other Refreshments. In the evening, several Amateurs have kindly volunteered to enliven the occasion with vocal and instrumental music. Not the least attractive object will be a beautiful illuminated CHRISTMAS TREE, prepared by a German gentleman, a member of the Society.

Extra Omnibuses will be run into Boston at 8, 9, and 10 o'clock, evening. Admission 12 1-2 cents.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 12th, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr Josiah Walker to Miss Susan C. French.

In West Cambridge, Dec. 14, Mr John Burnham, of Ellington, Ct., to Miss Delia Augusta, daughter of the late Rev. David Damon, D. D., of W. C.

In Springfield, by Rev. H. W. Lee, Robert C. Hooper, Esq. of Boston, to Adeline D. daughter of Major J. W. Ripley, U. S. A.

In New York, 9th inst. John Jacob Astor, Jr. to Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Thomas S. Gibbes, Esq.

DEATHS.

Died, in this city, Dec. 20th George D. only son of Dexter B. and Anna C. Reynolds, aged 4 months.

In Grafton Dec. 22d of Consumption, Joseph E. Bruce, son of Joseph Bruce, aged 21 years.

In Chelmsford, on the 14th inst., Capt. William French, aged 64.

In Petersburgh, Va. Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Capt. John Peabody, formerly of Salem, 53.

JUST published by WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS & Co., 20 Cornhill, the Young Lady's Home, by Mrs. Louisa C. Tuthill.

CONTENTS. Leaving School; Formation of Character; Mental Culture; Memory; Imagination; Judgment; History; Natural Science; English Literature; Composition; Modern Languages; Cultivation of Taste; Physical Education; Politeness; Woman's Home Influence; A Daughter's Duty; A Sister's Influence; The Economy of Home; Dress; Conversation; Employment of Time; Friendship; Acting from General Principle; Prejudice; Consistency of Character; Marriage; Claims of Society; Reading the Scriptures; The Standard of Christian Character; Christian Duty; Cheerfulness—Prayer; Forgiveness and Forbearance; Self-Denial—Self-Government; Christian Usefulness; Conclusion. d26 3tis

EMERSON'S POEMS. This day published, Poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson, one volume 16mo. pp. 252. JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

NOYES'S PSALMS. This day published Noyes's Translation of the Psalms, with notes, new edition one volume 12mo. to match the Prophets, Job, and Canticles issued. JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

1847—NEW STATE REGISTER. JAMES LORING has in press, The Massachusetts Register and United States Calendar, to be published in January. The compiler, in preparing the eightieth volume of this useful reference book, feels great pleasure in acknowledging an unusual number of corrections from old correspondents and others, which are essential to its accuracy. It is printing in an improved style, and will furnish such valuable information as the times demand. Gentlemen of the various professions are requested to send their corrections to the publisher, No. 132 Washington street. d26

EVERETT'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. SECOND SERIES. Miscellaneous Writings of Alexander H. Everett. second Series, 1 vol 12mo; published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.—SECOND EDITION. Livermore's Lectures to Young Men, a capital volume for young men's reading; price 50 cents, 1 vol, 16mo. Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

STRAND OF THE SHELLS FROM THE SEA OF GENIUS. In press, and will be published in a few days by JAMES MUNROE & CO., "Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius." by Miss Harriet Earley, one of the Editors of the Lowell Offering, 1 vol, 12mo; 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

NEW VOL. DISCOURSES BY MR. PEABODY: Christian Consolations, Sermons, designed to afford comfort to the afflicted by Andrew P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H., 1 vol 16mo, 324 pages. This day published by CROSY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington street. d26 is4t

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF MARTYRIA. Christianity the deliverance of the Soul and its Life, by Wm Mountford, 16mo; this day published.

Mr. Follen's Hymns, Songs and Fables, a new and enlarged edition; 18mo. This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington street. d26 is4t

MEMOIR OF SWAIN. This day published "Memoir of Robert Swain," one volume 16mo. By JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. d26

Nathaniel F. Williams,

(*Late Collector for the Port of Baltimore,*)

HAVING resumed his former business at his *Fire Proof Store, No 14 Bowly's Wharf*, respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his services as a

COMMISSION AGENT,

to sell or purchase all kinds of Merchandise. Every thing that industry and an intimate acquaintance with the growth and prosperity of Baltimore can accomplish may be confidently relied upon, to promote the views of those, confiding their interests to his care.

Baltimore December 5, 1846.

Reference to—
Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq. } Boston.
Hon. JOHN DAVIS, Worcester, Mass.
Hon. JAMES F. SIMMONS, Col. WM. BLODGET, Gen. JOSIAH WHITAKER, } Providence, R. I.
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Hon. HORACE BINNEY, " JOHN SERGEANT, } Philadelphia.
JOHN WALES, Esq. Wilmington, Del.
CHARLES B. PENROSE, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.
d5 tf

Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., have in progress, a new stereotype edition of "Webster's American Dictionary," to appear as early as practicable the coming season.

[From Burritt's Christian Citizen.]

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[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

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WOULD take this method to inform his patients and the public generally, that he continues to insert Teeth upon his new plan, but that he has recently made great and valuable improvements which he confidently believes, give him in the insertion of Teeth, equal, if not greater facilities and advantages, than can be found at any other establishment.

The well known character of the operations performed at his office, for several years past, renders it unnecessary for him to mention the peculiar advantages of his system of practice, to any who may have made themselves familiar with it. But as so many strangers are constantly locating in Boston and the vicinity, he deems it proper, to orie fly state, what, in his opinion, renders his course of practice the most desirable of any with which he is acquainted.

1st, Teeth inserted upon the new principle, are inserted with sufficient firmness to perform the office of mastication, and do not move in the mouth, as is the case with teeth inserted after the old methods.

2nd, They cannot lacerate the jaws and produce inflammation and swollen face.

3d, The taste is not destroyed by plates, improperly constructed, which cover the roof the mouth.

4th, Nothing enters into the composition of the teeth but mineral, and they are set alone upon gold plates.

5th, The teeth being carved in blocks, and so fastened upon the plates, no mucous food, or other matter can lodge around them, and produce a state of the mouth too well known and too disagreeable to be mentioned.

6th, Their style of finish and beauty cannot be surpassed.

Possessing all that is required to secure the above mentioned advantages of his course of practice, Dr. Morton feels confident, in asserting, that no mouth can come under his treatment, in which he cannot insert a set of teeth, that can be worn with pleasure and comfort.

[From the Transcript.]

DENTAL SURGERY.—Without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the regularly educated Surgeon Dentists of this city, we would call the attention of the public to a scientific gentleman, in whom entire confidence may be reposed, to perform in an elegant manner, any operation that may come under the cognizance of a Dentist.

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

IMPROVED DENTISTRY.—Dr. Morton, an ingenious Dentist in Tremont Row, in this city, has recently executed some extraordinary specimens of dental ingenuity, which makes it a difficult question to decide which *looks* the best —nature's work or his!

[From the Recorder.]

Our minds were directed, a short time since, to a piece of work constituting a whole jaw, teeth and all, in one single piece, being a perfect imitation, and which on being introduced into the mouth, we never should suspect any portion of the individual to be artificial. This ingenious invention and piece of work was executed by Dr Morton.

[From the Mail.]

DENTAL SCIENCE.—We saw a few days since an entire new set of artificial Teeth inserted for a lady, by Dr Morton, that defied the most critical observer to detect from the original. In the case above referred to, the lady experiences no difficulty whatever in mastication nor is her speech affected in the slightest degree.

[From the Evening Gazette.]

Dr. Morton has made a great improvement in mechanical dentistry. We have seen a whole upper set of Teeth, and we consider the style and finish to be a little superior to any we ever saw. They are inserted by a chemical process, so firmly to the jaw that several pounds weight may be attached to the plate and raised from the floor.

DENTISTRY. We were much gratified with a visit a few days ago to the rooms of Dr. Morton, No. 19 Tremont Row. The toothless are there supplied with complete sets of teeth, inserted on a new principle, and sustained in their place by atmospheric pressure, so firmly that several pounds may be raised by them without removing the plate, which is made, as well as the solder, of the best of gold.—In this way many persons have been enabled to wear teeth with comfort who had given up all hope of any assistance fo this kind.

Dr. Morton has studied the Dental art thoroughly, and on strictly scientific principles. He has in his possession the finest anatomical preparations, illustrative of the structure, positions, gradual developements, and decay of the teeth, which we have ever seen, imported from Paris, expressly for use.

It is highly gratifying to witness these triumphs of an art so intimately connected with health and comfort. Dr. Morton has extensive facilities for the preparation and insertion of whole sets of teeth. [Christian Watchman.

[From the Boston Post.]

Dr. Morton has been particularly successful in contriving gold pates for the support of artificial teeth, and has given the most perfect satisfaction in some recent operations of a very doubtful nature.

Having witnessed the operation of uniting gold plates as practised by Wells & Morton, I do hereby testify, that the gold used in the place of solder, for uniting the plates is *twenty carats fine.* And when the plates are united in this manner the whole presents the same appearance [as if never separated.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1843. No. 27, Somerset street.

☞ See Dr. Morton's advertisement. Having experienced the benefit of his skill in our family, we can cordially recommend him. [Sherbrooke (Can.) Gazette.

The publisher of this paper had an opportunity in witnessing an operation performed by Dr. Morton, which the Transcript gives the following description of. [Christian Register.

DIFFICULT OPERATION.—Dr. Morton has recently performed a difficult operation upon a young lady very successfully. The nature of the case without going into particulars, was a Cleft Palate. The operation proved entirely satisfactory to the young lady operated upon, and will enable her to speak and articulate distinctly. [Transcript.

We lately had an opportunity of examining two beautiful whole setts of artificial teeth, which were set on gold plate of great purity, and soldered with gold of the same degree of fineness, so that no blackening or galvanic effect, or bad taste, can possibly result. This work we learned was done to order for a gentleman and his lady, who came here from Cuba, to avail themselves of the skill of Messrs. Wells & Morton. [Atlas.

We are happy to notice a whole sett of Teeth inserted by Dr. Morton, the upper plate had a 4 lb weight attached to it, and raised from the floor, the plate remaining firm in its place. [Post.

NEXT WHAT?—Animal magnetism, with all its boasted advantages of rendering people insensible to pain, appears likely to be superceded by a discovery of Dr. Morton, of Boston. The patient becomes immediately unconscious and insensible to pain, thus giving an opportunity for the most difficult and otherwise painful surgical operations without inconvenience. [Scientific American, New York.

An ulcerated tooth was extracted from the mouth of an individual without giving him the slightest pain. He was put into a kind of sleep, by inhaling a portion of this preparation, the effect of which lasted about three quarters of a minute, just long enough to extract the tooth. This discovery is destined to make a great revolution in the arts of surgery and surgical dentistry. [Transcript.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—On Saturday, Dr. Hayward, removed a very large tumor from the arms of a lady, who declared, after she awoke from the effect of Dr. Morton's preparation, that she had not the least consciousness of having suffered pain, the whole ten minutes being passed away in a dream, the particulars of which she related when she arose from the operator's chair. Dr. Morton who is a dentist, has administered the same preparation to persons, previous to extracting a tooth and they woke up with astonishment at finding the tooth gone. [Christian Watchman.

The patient sitting in a chair, with every thing made ready by Dr. Warren, who extracted the tumor, inhaled the preparation for a very brief space of time, when he fell into a quiet slumber, and the surgeon proceeded to extract thtneumor. The patient did not manifest the slighest symptoms of suffering, and no muscular action whatever. He appeared to be totally insensible of what was going on, till very near the close of the operation, which was quite protracted, when he drew a long sigh. [Daily Journal.

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CHRISTIAN HYMNS; FOR PUBL